

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post-Office, March 1, 1899, by Frank Tousey.

No. 542.

NEW YORK, JUNE 11, 1909.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AND THE BROKEN CLOCK; OR, THE SECRET OF TEN MINUTES TO TEN.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.

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W. S. HOLLYS
220 East Fifth Street
Los Angeles, Cal.



"Ten minutes to ten!" cried the leader, pointing to the clock and covering Old King Brady with his revolver. It was an untimely interference, for Harry was just getting in his fine work. Alice looked around the angle of the stairs.

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CHAPTER I.

WHEN OLD LOVERS MET.

On a certain bright morning in the month of June, a young and stylishly-dressed man stepped from the "steamboat train" of the Fall River Line at the South Station, Boston.

The big station clock stood at half-past seven as the passengers began crowding off the train.

The young man, who carried a dress-suit case, stood back a little in such a position that he could observe the passengers as they came off the cars.

Evidently he was watching for someone, and that someone proved to be a young woman of about his own age, well dressed and decidedly pretty, who presently alighted from the car ahead of the one which the young man had just left.

He pressed forward and put himself in her way.

As she saw him she gave a start and a flush of color swept over her cheeks.

He raised his hat and bowed.

She blushed still more deeply and returned the bow.

Next moment they were shaking hands.

"Why, Will!" exclaimed the girl, for she was little more. "Is it really you. I—er—but pardon me, Mr. Burton! I really am glad to see you once more. In the excess of my joy I forgot the lapse of time and all the rest of it. I shouldn't have been so familiar, but once more I say, I really am glad to see you, just the same."

"There is certainly no occasion for begging my pardon, Laura," replied the young man, with rather a bitter laugh. "We were boy and girl together and for you to make it 'Mr. Burton' was altogether ridiculous. But let me relieve you of that bag."

She relinquished the little grip she carried and looked up at him in a half-pleading fashion.

"Don't say too much about old times," she seemed to say.

He took the hint.

"You are just coming over from New York?" he asked.

"Yes. I have been over there to attend to a little business for my husband; and you?"

"I am just home from a two years' European tour. I landed at New York and, having business there, sent my trunks on ahead."

"And you were on the Puritan last night?"

"Oh, yes!"

"It is a wonder I did not see you."

"Not at all. I took particularly good care that you should not see me."

"Oh! Then you saw me?"

"Certainly."

"Why did you not make your presence known, Will? I know of no reason——"

"I did not wish to inflict my presence upon you. My intention was to go off without speaking this morning, but——"

"But you didn't."

"That's it exactly. I didn't."

"Are you glad you didn't?"

"That depends upon whether you are glad or sorry?"

"Well, Will, there is one thing you must certainly give me credit for, and that is plain speaking."

"You always were plain spoken, Laura."

"And I am so still. I am glad you didn't. I want to know how you are getting along and all about you. I hope you feel the same interest in me."

"I certainly do, and to show you that I do, I am going to put a proposition to you in my old, frank style. It is for you to accept or turn down, just as you please."

"What is it?"

"Let me call a cab and see you home. I want to hear all about you and to tell you all about myself, if you want to hear about so uninteresting an individual."

Laura appeared to hesitate for an instant; and then said:

"Why certainly, Will, if it will give you any pleasure. I intended to go home by the cars, but I think I can safely trust myself with you."

"I think so. And the address?"

"No. — Harlow street, Brookline."

"Very well. To Brookline let us go, and I trust that before the ride is over we may find ourselves as good friends as ever we were in the past."

"And always remain so," she added, in a low voice.

"There is no reason why we should not, unless your husband is of a jealous disposition."

"I am afraid he is a little given that way, Will; but in this instance he will have to get over any jealous fit which may grow out of a brief interview on my part with so old a friend as yourself."

"Well put, but don't get yourself into trouble. By the way, who is your husband?"

"Why, Will! Don't you know?"

"I do not. All I know is that you are married."

"A year ago. I am now Mrs. Farmer. My husband is James Farmer, head clerk for Jenner, Jewel & Jones."

"The big jewelry firm on Washington street?"

"Yes."

"And—and you are happy, Laura?"

She gave him a quick glance.

"As happy as can be expected after a year of married life, sir," she said. "The honeymoon is over, of course. Folks say that the second year of a woman's married life

is always the hardest. However, don't misunderstand me. Jim and I get on very well."

Three minutes later they were seated inside and on their way to Brookline, that singular town, which, although completely surrounded by the city of Boston, still remains an independent town and resolutely refuses to adopt city ways.

Then they began the same sort of talk again.

The situation needs explaining.

This young wife, then Laura Hayden, a belle in her own particular Boston society circle, had been engaged to marry Will Burton a little more than two years before the opening of our story.

But Will was then only a poor clerk with no father behind him, while Laura's father was supposed to be worth a million.

They had been children together and out of their intimacy the engagement grew.

The Hayden family violently opposed the match.

Listening to her parents, Laura suddenly broke the engagement, and within two short weeks wished she had not done so.

The Hayden family shared in that wish.

The reason was simple.

A rich uncle in a Western city, whom Will Burton had never even seen, died within those two weeks and left the young man six millions!

Heartbroken then, Will found solace in his good luck.

He went abroad and soon got well enough over his disappointment to consider life quite well worth living.

During the first year of his absence there came a great crash in stocks on State street, the Wall street of Boston.

Mr. Hayden was caught in the slump, lost everything he had and a lot of money belonging to his friends besides.

This man's way out of his trouble was to commit suicide, and his wife died of the shock.

Laura, left penniless, was glad to take up with the well-salaried manager of the big jewelry house of Jenner, Jewel & Jones, and so they were married and went to housekeeping in a Brookline villa.

Some of this Will Burton knew when he handed his old sweetheart into that cab and the rest he learned long before they got to Brookline.

Laura, on her part, pretended to inquire into her old lover's condition, but it is needless to add that there was very little Will had to tell her which she did not already know.

Did she wish she had never broken the engagement—this young wife?

But who can read a woman's heart?

Certainly we shall not attempt it, nor do we propose to follow up the conversation which took place in the cab.

It was not especially confidential. There was not a word spoken to which James Farmer could have properly taken exception.

But it made little difference what James Farmer's opinions might have been as to the propriety of his wife riding from the South Station to her home with her old lover, as will soon be shown.

The Farmer villa was small, but rather pretty, and stood alone in its own grounds.

The cabby turned into a short driveway and rounded up his fare at the door.

Will jumped out and assisted Mrs. Farmer to descend.

"Well, I must say good-by, I suppose," he remarked, as he took her hand.

"Come in and see our house, Will!" she exclaimed, impetuously. "I am not going to let you go so after your kindness in bringing me all the way out here."

"Oh, no, Laura! It is best not," he hastily replied.

"I don't see it so at all. There is no one here but my cook and the maid, if that is what troubles you."

He allowed himself to be persuaded and, telling the cabman to wait, they ascended the steps.

Then began a train of discoveries which was to involve Will Burton in all kinds of complications.

Laura made the first.

"Why, what is the meaning of this?" she cried. "One would think that the house had not been opened up this morning! This is certainly strange!"

The parlor windows were closed, the inside blinds shut and the shades drawn down behind them.

It was the same with the windows of the sitting-room on the other side of the door.

"Perhaps Mr. Farmer did not consider it worth while to open the windows with you away," suggested Will.

"But the maid!" cried Laura. "Jim is stupid enough for that, of course, but the maid knows better."

As she spoke she angrily pulled the bell.

There was no answer to her ring.

"Perhaps the door isn't fastened?" suggested Will.

"But it is. I just tried it. The girl must have left. Still there is the cook. Why don't she come to the door?"

"Perhaps she has left, too."

"I hope she has then. She was no good and I was going to get rid of her at the end of the month, anyway."

She rang the bell again, but with no better success.

Will tried the door.

"It is only fastened on the night latch," he said. "I can easily force it."

"But Jim would not like that and I should have to explain."

"Suppose we try it at the back?"

"Yes; come."

They went around to the rear.

Here the doors and windows were all fastened also.

No amount of knocking did any good.

"It is quite evident that Jim has gone to business as usual and that both the girls have left," said Laura. "Here I am locked out of my own house."

"Have you a ladder in the barn?" asked Will. "If so, I can get in at one of the upper windows perhaps?"

"No. Jim won't have a ladder for fear burglars might use it," she replied.

"How about this cellar window? I see it is swinging open. If the door at the head of the cellar stairs is not fastened I might get into the house that way."

"I don't know whether it is or not. But you will ruin your clothes?"

"That's nothing. I'll try it."

Laura did not urge her objections.

So Will pushed up the little swing window and, fasten-

ing it in place with a stick, lowered himself through feet first and dropped into a coal bin.

"Go around to the front, Laura!" he called. "I will open the front door."

He then disappeared, and Laura heard him going up the cellar stairs.

She went around to the front and waited. Will did not appear.

"He must have found the door locked at the head of the stairs," Laura thought. "Perhaps the poor boy is trying to get out of the coal bin and can't."

She started back around the house.

But there was no Will there, either.

Peering in through the cellar window, Laura could see nothing of him.

She called, but received no reply.

"What can be the matter?" Mrs. Farmer asked herself.

And then there seemed to come over her an indescribable sense of trouble ahead.

She turned and started back for the front door to meet Will turning the corner of the house.

She could see instantly by his face that something had happened, for he remembered, this pair had been playmates from childhood and they knew each other's moods well.

"Why, Will!" she exclaimed. "What is wrong?"

"Much, I am afraid," replied Will, gravely.

And he added:

"Laura, you used to be just the bravest little woman who ever lived; or, at least, I thought so. You must prepare your mind for a shock."

"What is it? Don't keep me in suspense! Please don't, Will!"

"Be calm. Remember, I do not know your husband. I never even actually knew who you had married until you told me this morning."

Laura reeled and leaned heavily against the house.

"Now, for gracious sake, don't tell me that anything is the matter with Jim!" she cried.

"There is something the matter with someone then, Laura. Of course you will understand me—I don't know that he is your husband. I——"

"Take your hands off of me, Will Burton! Let me go!"

He had her by the arm.

"Not yet, Laura!" he cried. "You must be brave! Hear me out. There is a man lying on your front hall floor and I am very much of the opinion that he is dead, but he may be only a burglar, you know."

She pressed her hand to her heart.

"Has he light hair and a light mustache?" she faltered.

"Yes, and he wears a red scarf and has a watch seal representing a bulldog," Will replied.

That settled it!

"Oh! Oh! He is my husband!" screamed Laura, and she promptly fainted in Will's arms.

"How she loved him!" thought the young man.

But he was all wrong.

Will Burton's experience with women had been exceedingly limited.

Laura had never loved but one man and he was the one who had just informed her of her husband's death.

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERIOUS FARMER CASE.

James Farmer was dead!

More than that he had evidently been murdered.

There was a bullet hole in his forehead, but no trace of a revolver.

He had been dead for hours.

His body lay upon the hall floor directly in front of a modern imitation of a grandfather's clock.

The body was entirely cold and lay in a pool of blood.

There was nobody to be found in the house—Will Burton searched it before coming out with his startling announcement.

And the clock had stopped at ten minute to ten.

Laura quickly revived and insisted upon going into the hall.

There she identified the dead man as her husband, and her display of grief confirmed Will in the opinion that she must have loved the dead man dearly.

Neighbors were summoned from an adjoining house by the cabman.

They took charge of Laura, while Will jumped into the cab and went to the police station, for he felt that this was a case of which the authorities should at once be informed.

He hardly expected to find himself known at the Brookline police station.

But in this he was mistaken, for as soon as he handed out his card the police captain promptly inquired if he was the rich Mr. Burton.

"It don't make any difference whether I am rich or poor!" retorted Will. "Mr. James Farmer has been murdered at his house, No. — Harlow street. It is a case for the police and ought to be taken in hand at once."

And this reply convincing the police captain that he actually was dealing with the young millionaire of whom the Boston papers were constantly talking, Will was treated with all respect and his story listened to.

"This is very singular," said the captain. "Of course, Mr. Burton, I shall take up the matter at once, but before I start around there I want to say something. Have you seen the extra which came out this morning?"

"Why, no," replied Will. "I have not even seen the morning paper. I just came over from New York. What about that?"

"Better read it then," said the captain, and he handed Will a newspaper, pointing to the prominently-displayed headlines.

These informed the public that there had been a big jewel robbery in Boston the night before.

The firm of Jenner, Jewel & Jones were the victims.

The burglars had cut through the wall of an adjoining building and the safe had been dynamited.

Diamonds and other unset gems valued at upwards of \$200,000 had been taken, also much jewelry.

The total of their loss the firm was as yet unable to state.

The account went on to say that the firm's head clerk, James Farmer, having failed to turn up that morning, it was supposed that he had a hand in the burglary.

Of course this was adding mystery to mystery.

"I thought you ought to know," said the police captain. "I just had a telephone message from headquarters. Detectives are on their way to Farmer's house now, they tell me."

"Let us get back there at once," said Will. "His unfortunate wife is almost insane as it is. This will be the finishing stroke."

"Oh, you can't tell!" said the police captain, shrugging his shoulders. "She may be in the deal, for all you know."

"Don't say that again!" flashed Will. "Mrs. Farmer is an old friend of mine. She came over from New York last night, as I happen to know."

"Then it is lucky for her that you do happen to know, for she would naturally be the first person suspected," persisted the captain.

Will was furious, but he wisely held his tongue.

When Will and the police captain got to Harlow street they found matters in rather a strenuous condition.

The detectives had arrived.

Several neighbors—all women—were in the house.

Mrs. Farmer was reported in bad shape in her chamber upstairs, where a doctor was in attendance upon her.

The coroner was summoned and the police took charge.

Will felt that he was rather in the way than otherwise.

Under the circumstances the young man's situation was an awkward one.

He would have taken himself off if the police captain had not particularly requested him to remain until the coroner came, since it was he who had discovered the murder.

Will took his place outside on the piazza, for the confusion within got on his nerves.

There was one young man with the detectives—there were three altogether—whom Will particularly noticed from his quick, alert manner, and also from the respect the others seemed to pay him.

These other two had questioned Will when he first came into the house with the captain, but this young man merely stood by listening.

Soon came a summons to attend Laura, which Will obeyed.

What passed between the former lovers need not be enlarged upon.

Sufficient to say that when Will Burton came back on to the piazza both his interest and sympathy were fully aroused.

The young man stood there alone, leaning against one of the pillars, smoking a cigar.

"How is Mrs. Farmer now?" he inquired.

"Why she is much quieter," replied Will. "The doctor seems to think she will come around all right. Are you one of the police detectives, may I ask?"

"Oh, no! I represent the firm—Jenner, Jewel & Jones, you know."

"Then you know Mr. Farmer, of course?"

"Certainly I knew him. Strange that he should be lying dead in his own house when people were accusing him of being mixed up in this burglary."

"So it seems to me. On what ground do they accuse him?"

"I don't think they will accuse him of the burglary now. He appears to have been dead since that clock broke down last night, and that was at ten minutes to ten. It is almost certain that the burglary was not pulled off earlier than midnight."

"It is a hard case for the widow that he should have been accused at all."

"Indeed, yes. She is convinced of his innocence, of course."

"Why certainly. It is an outrage that these detectives should be here annoying her."

"Have they annoyed her?"

"They are both with her now. Did you start them at it?"

"I? Oh, no! The robbery was reported to the police and they sent the detectives here to look for Farmer. Considering the condition of things they found here, you could hardly expect them to go away without learning what they can."

"I suppose not. Will the firm follow the thing up against this dead man, do you know?"

"I'm sure I can't tell you. I am only an employee."

"Well, then if they propose to, for Mrs. Farmer's sake, I propose to start a counter-investigation to prove the dead man innocent at my own expense. Here is my card. You can tell them so."

The young man took the card and glanced at the name.

"I will tell them," he said, quietly; "but allow me to say that you better also tell them yourself."

"Which I will."

"Are you a relative of Mrs. Farmer?"

"No; only an old friend."

"So? I doubt if the firm will pay much attention to you."

"We shall see about that. I shall engage some good firm of private detectives like the Bradys of New York."

"What do you know about them?"

"I know nothing about them personally, but I have always understood that they were one of the best, if not the best detective firm in the United States. You have heard of them, I suppose?"

"Yes. I have heard of them."

"Such is their reputation, is it not?"

"I understand that it is. But what is your theory of this affair? Or have you none?"

"Why, I have none, of course. I have been in Europe for the last two years and only got back to Boston this morning. I did not know the man at all."

"I understand that you discovered the body?"

"Yes, I had that misfortune. Next I know I shall be accused of murdering him. So you see I am partly selfish in taking up the matter."

"I see. I think you are wise if you care to be at the expense. But do you mind telling me all about what you know? Of course I heard you talk to the detectives, but I have to report to the firm and I should very much like to hear the story again."

Will told it.

"Did you examine the clock?" the young man asked then.

"No; I did not. Why?"

"It is broken."

"I thought it had only stopped. Do you connect the crime with the broken clock then?"

"How should I know? But come in and have a look at it."

They passed into the hall where the young man opened the clock door.

Sure enough, the weight catguts had broken.

One weight had fallen down into the bottom of the clock.

The other hung lopsided, one strand of the weight cord having broken.

"You see," said the young man, "this accident, if accident it was, must have happened at ten minutes to ten. You asked me just now if I considered that the broken clock has any connection with James Farmer's death. I was not prepared to answer the question just then, but I have been thinking over it while we talked and I now tell you frankly that I do so consider. I think that the detective who solves the mystery will first have to learn the secret of ten minutes to ten."

The arrival of the coroner interrupted the conversation then and it was not renewed.

It was an hour before the coroner got through with his work.

Before he left Will was again summoned by Laura.

He found her hysterical after the coroner's questioning.

"It is wicked! It's scandalous!" she cried. "To try to make my poor murdered husband out a thief! Oh, Will, help me! Prove his innocence and you will have earned my everlasting gratitude!"

Gratitude!

That is the next door neighbor to love!

Truth told, Will Burton found himself more madly in love with Laura than ever.

And Laura was now a widow.

It was all very sad, of course, but it was none of Will's bringing about.

The young millionaire determined to take the matter up instantly.

He wanted to earn Laura Farmer's gratitude.

He also wanted her love.

CHAPTER III.

THE BRADYS AND THE BURGLARY.

But great as was Will Burton's anxiety to get promptly down to business in Laura Farmer's case, he was obliged to postpone his visit to the store of Jenner, Jewel & Jones until four o'clock that afternoon, as he had matters of his own to attend to which were of the highest importance.

Here the mere sending in of his card was enough to secure him immediate attention.

High-priced jewelers are "gunning" for young multi-millionaires.

As "our Mr. Jones" remarked to Partner Jewel when he read the name, it was almost worth being burglarized if it resulted in securing Will Burton for a customer.

And so Will was received in the private office of the firm and shown every attention.

Will frankly stated his intentions.

"Of course you can do as you please, Mr. Burton," said Jones, "but I want you to understand that what you propose is entirely unnecessary. For our own sake we want to get at the root of this matter and to recover our stolen goods if possible."

"Exactly!" cried Will. "But you are working from one motive and I from another. The papers have accused James Farmer of a crime which he could not possibly have committed. His wife is one of my oldest and dearest friends. She is left a widow and practically penniless. I propose to stand by her and to clear her husband's reputation if it can be done."

"Just so," replied Jones, and he glanced at Partner Jewel, who remained silent.

There was something about the manner of both partners which Will did not like, and he could interpret it in but one way.

"You still believe that Farmer had a hand in the business," he said.

The two men were silent.

"I see that you do, but I differ with you!" cried Will, impulsively.

"May I ask why?" inquired Jones.

"His wife believes in his innocence firmly. Certainly she ought to know her husband best of anyone."

"Pardon me, Mr. Burton," said Jewel, "but you, as an unmarried man, are hardly a judge of such a case. Believe me, we have no desire to accuse our late clerk unjustly. He was long in our employ and gave faithful service for a number of years. But go right ahead, sir. We shall put no stones in your way. I understand, however, that you propose employing the Brady Detective Bureau on the case."

"The Brady Bureau or some other. They may be engaged and so unable to take the case."

"Exactly. Now as I happen to know they are engaged."

"Ah! You have hired them yourselves?"

"We have. Permit me to introduce you to Old King Brady and Miss Alice Montgomery."

As he spoke, Mr. Jewel arose and flung open an inner door.

There in a little room sat three persons engaged in earnest conversation.

And not a little to his surprise Will saw that one of them was the same young man with whom he had talked at the Harlow street house.

The other was a tall, elderly man, peculiarly dressed.

His coat was a long blue affair with brass buttons.

He wore also an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar.

Upon a chair rested his hat, a white felt affair with an unusually broad brim.

The third person was a remarkably pretty young woman.

"Gentlemen and Miss Montgomery!" exclaimed Partner Jewel, "permit me to introduce Mr. Burton."

Old King Brady looked up quickly.

"This is the young man you met at Mr. Farmer's house, I suppose, Harry?"

Young King Brady assented and arising, shook hands with Will heartily.

"Here we are, you see, Mr. Burton," he said. "It will not be necessary for you to go to the expense of engaging the Bradys, seeing that they have had this case in hand for over a week."

"For over a week? What can you mean?" demanded Will. "The robbery only took place last night."

"Excuse me, Mr. Burton. There you are wrong," put in Partner Jewel. "The robberies in our place have been going on for a month."

"Oh!" gasped Will. "And did you suspect—James Farmer?"

"We have had reason to suspect him, yes. Still we have been able to prove nothing definite against him, in spite of the fact that Young King Brady, here, has been shadowing him for a week or more. Yes, we had abundant evidence that we were being robbed, and as there appeared to be some reason for suspecting Farmer, Young King Brady was put on the case. But I will leave it for him to tell with what result."

"With a negative result," added Harry. "This, much I learned, that James Farmer had been gambling in stocks and was heavily in debt, that he had played the races for a year and over and met with heavy losses."

"Putting this beside our own losses you can see for yourself, Mr. Burton, that it was impossible for us to feel any great confidence in the man. Of course his untimely death is a mystery which we are quite unable to understand."

"But this, as I understand it, is a case of burglary," said Will, who was naturally taken aback by these disclosures.

"Certainly."

"And if James Farmer was murdered at ten minutes to ten, as Young King Brady said he believed——"

"And which I do believe," put in Harry.

"Then how could he have had a hand in the burglary?"

"We do not claim that he actually did have a hand in it personally," said Old King Brady. "He manifestly could not have had and yet there is reason to believe that he was mixed up in that end of the matter, too. With your permission, Mr. Jewel, we will take Mr. Burton fully into our confidence and make it plain to him how this matter stands."

"Do so, by all means," assented Jewel.

"You will please follow me, Mr. Burton," said Old King Brady, rising.

"If you will excuse me, Governor, I won't go," said Harry. "I want to finish discussing those points with Alice."

"All right," replied the old detective. "It is not necessary at all. This way, please, Mr. Burton."

And Will followed Old King Brady out into the store. Here he was shown the wrecked safe.

The door had been blown up and hung broken and twisted by the upper hinge.

Old King Brady explained that the work had been accomplished by boring holes in the metal and inserting small cartridges of dynamite or nitroglycerine.

"It is the work of an expert," he said. "You see how neatly the job was executed. The interior of the safe is almost intact."

"But I don't see where the burglars came in from the next building," replied Will, looking around.

"Oh, that was done in the cellar!" replied the old detective. "I'll take you down there presently and show you. Meanwhile I want to call your attention to another point which goes strongly to prove that this was in part at least an inside job. Mind you, I don't claim that James Farmer did the inside work, although, according to the opinion of each of the partners, he was altogether the most likely person to have had a hand in it."

The old detective proceeded to open the little drawers which filled the interior of the safe.

The contents of many of these drawers appeared to be undisturbed.

In the case of others the paper "folds," which he explained to Will, contained gems, had been overhauled and many loose gems lay scattered about in the drawers.

In other drawers were pieces of jewelry, trays of rings, brooches, cuff buttons, scarfpins and the like, all of which looked as if they might be the real thing.

But it was not so.

Old King Brady explained to Will that all this jewelry was plated and that all the loose stones, while genuine, were either flawed or of inferior grade, while the stuff which remained undisturbed in the "folds" was all glass.

"So you see, Mr. Burton," he added, "it is perfectly evident that this stock was overhauled by an expert," adding:

"Not only that, but he did the work at his leisure. Look at these empty drawers. Some contained unset diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds; others held diamond jewelry. Not a trace of these more valuable goods remains."

"And it is your theory that the burglars found nothing worth carrying away after they had blown the safe?" inquired Will.

"Not exactly that," replied the old detective, "but we do believe that they took nothing out of the safe. What they did take, however, was a lot of solid silverware from the cases, a number of gold watches and such other goods as were capable of being melted down upon which they could easily lay their hands."

"It is a wonder the police did not catch on to their operations if the store is kept lighted at night."

"One gas-jet is left lighted, which was entirely insufficient. Then you see these fancy Japanese screens standing around here. No doubt those were so placed as to hide the operations of the burglars. Yet they would have had to work quickly to avoid detection. Certainly they had no time to overhaul the contents of these drawers. No, Mr. Burton, the case is plain. This gang came here with the intention of carrying off the firm's large stock of diamonds and the higher grade colored stones. That they did not get what they came for is plain

from the fact that they burdened themselves with watches and silverware, bulky stuff to carry, and all of which will have to be melted down."

"But the watches can be sold."

"Indeed they can't! Nothing more dangerous for a burglar to handle than a gold watch, for the firm carries a record of the numbers of all the movements. Chances are that every movement will be destroyed and the cases melted down and sold for old gold."

Old King Brady now took Will downstairs and showed him the hole in the foundation wall, which was just big enough to admit the passage of a man.

"That was never done in one night," said Will.

"Probably not," replied Old King Brady. "Yet an expert mason could have opened up that passage in two nights, or three at the most. Let us go through."

They crawled through the opening and found on the other side a crowbar, sledge-hammers and drills which had been left by the burglars.

Ascending to the floor above, they came into a vacant store.

"It has been to rent this long time," explained the old detective. "The floors above are divided into small offices and are all occupied, but there is no connection with the floor, except by way of the street door, which opens upon the stairs."

"And this is the way the case stands," the old detective went on to say. "You can see for yourself that with James Farmer's bad reputation circumstantial evidence is here which strongly points in his direction. But it is by no means conclusive, my dear sir."

Will had been doing a lot of heavy thinking through all this.

What was going to be the result if through him James Farmer was to be proved a crook?

He felt then that he had best take his hands off, and yet that would not do, either, now that he had given Laura his promise to help clear her husband's name.

He had taken a strong liking for the old detective and he was just about to ask him to advise him in the matter when Old King Brady practically headed him off.

"So you see, Mr. Burton," he said, "that we cannot do as you wish, that is to help to clear the name of your dead friend, for our work lies in the opposite direction."

"He was no friend of mine!" cried Will. "I never even saw the man until I saw him dead there on the floor."

"Ah! So? Then it is the wife?"

"Yes. She is a lifelong friend."

"And you feel a great interest in her?" demanded the old detective, eyeing him keenly.

"Why, yes."

Will knew that his face was reddening, but he could not help it.

Old King Brady saw and understood.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "I see which way the wind blows. Of course it is none of my business, but let an old man give a young one a word of advice. Take it in the spirit intended now, Mr. Burton. If you love this young widow and expect to win her, there is just one thing to do, and that is to make her understand the truth, for sooner or later it is bound to come out and any at-

tempt on your part to deceive her is sure to be turned against yourself in the end."

Will was silent.

"Not offended, I hope?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Oh, no!"

"Good! Now, young man, I tell you what you do. Work yourself on this business. I state frankly that I believe James Farmer guilty. I also believe that he put up the burglary job to cover his own tracks. Perhaps he gave his burglarious friends the double-cross, as they say nowadays. In other words, made them think they were going to get the diamonds and then walked off with them himself. If so, he must have done it between the hours of six o'clock last night, when the store closed, and ten minutes to ten, when his hall clock went out of business, for there is little doubt to my mind that at about the latter hour he met his fate. Question is: What did he do with the diamonds? The answer seems plain to an old hand at the bellows like me. He took them to his own house. He had sent his wife to New York on a fool's errand to meet a man who wanted to buy certain worthless mining stocks which he held. She could find no such man, for the reason, in all probability, that he has no existence. Farmer also discharged both his servants in the morning—that we have positively learned. All this was evidently done in order to give him a chance to hide the diamonds in his own house. Whether he did this or not, or whether the person who killed him got the goods, remains to be proved. Get to work and see what you can do towards solving the mystery. Believe me, it is the surest way of winning the widow. Don't be afraid of proving her husband a rascal, for when you have done that she will naturally turn to you."

CHAPTER IV.

OUT ON THE SHADOW.

Two days passed and the Bradys made but little headway with their jewelry robbery case.

We do not call it their murder case, for with the death of James Farmer the New York detectives declined to directly concern themselves.

They left that for their Boston brethren of the police.

And we need only add that these gentlemen made no headway, either.

One of the first things the Bradys did on the day of the discovery of James Farmer's murder was to search his house as thoroughly as they could for the diamonds.

This they did in connection with the police and to the very great annoyance of Mrs. Laura, who complained bitterly of the "rude" treatment she had been subjected to by the detectives when she saw her old lover again.

But nothing came of the search, nor did the Bradys gain any clew to the identity of the dead man's slayer, and their eyes were open for this, too, of course.

After this they did not go to the Farmer house during those two days, for they were working on other lines.

At least this was true of Young King Brady and Alice Montgomery.

As for the old detective himself, he had been obliged to leave the matter in the hands of his partners, having been called back to New York to finish up a case upon which he was engaged when the summons to Boston came.

At about eleven o'clock on the evening of this second day a young man, rather shabbily dressed, might have been seen emerging from the alley which leads off of Washington street up to Young's Hotel.

He turned down Washington street and hurried on to its junction with Blackstone, Union and other streets in the large, open space now called Haymarket Square.

Here he struck off into the densely-populated "North End" district, that network of narrow, winding streets and blind alleys which invariably proves so puzzling to strangers.

Once north of Blackstone street it is like entering another city, for the great fire of forty years ago which swept the biggest part of old Boston out of existence did not touch this region, where many of the houses are fully a hundred years old.

But this young man appeared to know exactly where he was going and he walked rapidly on until he brought up at a certain block on Salem street, which in some respects is one of the most peculiar of the many peculiar streets of the North End.

It is the home of the old clothes man, the fence, the crook.

Dark, dirty shops line the streets on both sides, in the windows of which odds and ends of every description are displayed.

Of course in other cities there are many such places, but they lie scattered, while on old Salem street they are huddled together.

How the Boston detectives ever manage to keep the run of what is going on in these dark holes is a mystery, but they do.

The young man in question walked rapidly past a dozen or more of these shops and, crossing the street, doubled on his tracks, keeping a sharp lookout right and left.

Evidently he was looking for someone, and that someone proved to be Young King Brady, who suddenly stepped out from the shadows of a blind alley and confronted him.

"Why, Alice!" he exclaimed in a guarded tone, "have you done it again?"

Our "young man" was none other than Alice Montgomery, most cleverly disguised.

"Well, that's what I have, Harry," she replied. "But back to your hiding hole. We must not be seen talking here. I didn't know just where to locate you, but here you are."

They stepped into the alley which led up to a factory. Here they were safe from observation and could talk.

"Which store is it, Harry?" demanded Alice.

"That pawnbroker's shop, nearly opposite."

"I see."

"I wish you didn't then. My dear Alice, you know how I dislike to have you assume that disguise."

"I am not your dear Alice yet, sir, and until I am I shall do as I please."

"I beg your pardon. You are the dearest creature on

earth to me, and although you don't love me as I do you, that don't hinder me from retaining my own sentiments, I suppose."

"Who told you I didn't love you?"

"You never yet admitted that you do."

"Oh, let's talk of something else, Harry. What's the matter with my disguise?"

"Nothing as a disguise. It is simply perfect, but the danger is great."

"No greater than it is in New York where I often adopt it."

"And always against my wishes."

"Will you kindly ring off, young man? I got tired of sitting around the hotel and wanted to be doing something and to find out what you were about. Anything doing yet?"

"No. I have watched in vain for the reappearance of my man."

His "man" dated back a week.

It began one night when Harry was shadowing James Farmer.

From the restaurant at which the head clerk of Jenner, Jewel & Jones took supper, Harry had shadowed him here to the Salem street pawnbroker's.

Here Farmer entered and remained some time, until at last a stylish cab drove up to the door and a well-dressed young man of about Farmer's own age sprang out and entered the pawnshop.

A few minutes later the party came out, accompanied by Farmer, and, both entering the cab, they were driven away.

Unfortunately for Young King Brady's plans he had no cab, and as none was to be had anywhere near he lost his man.

And now that Farmer was dead Harry was trying to locate the man who had been his companion that night.

And this, after having exhausted every effort to get a starting clew to the mystery, upon which he was working.

He scarcely expected to meet with success, and yet in a way he was successful, as will be seen.

"Where is your cab?" demanded Alice.

"Right around the corner."

"How long shall you wait?"

Until the pawnbroker closes, which I suppose will be about midnight."

"It is almost that now."

"Yes, I know. Chances are there will nothing come of it."

"It would be nice if we could turn up something definite before Old King Brady returns. As for my part, I haven't been able to do a solitary thing."

"Have you tackled Mrs. Farmer this afternoon?"

"No. I called there, but she refused to see me, and I did not want to force an interview."

"No; it would be scarcely worth while until after the funeral to-morrow. Did you see Mr. Burton?"

"No. He was out."

"He is still staying there?"

"Yes. He and also a Mrs. Patrick, who is acting as Mrs. Farmer's chaperone."

"I was thinking—Hush! By jove, I think that's my man!"

Harry was hushing himself, for Alice had not spoken. The person referred to was a stylishly-dressed young man, who came walking rapidly along the opposite side of the street, swinging a light cane.

At the corner of an alley just below the pawnbroker's was one of those huge gas lanterns attached to the building, which are so common in Boston.

As the young man passed under it Harry and Alice got a good view of his face.

"Is it?" asked the latter.

"Yes," replied Harry.

"No cab this time."

"Apparently not. I am curious to see if he goes into the pawnbroker's. I may be mistaken, of course; all the same, if I have any memory at all, he is the man."

Right or wrong, the young man entered the pawnbroker's.

"There you are!" exclaimed Harry, triumphantly. "Now begins business! If I can't shadow you to your home port, my friend, I'll go out of business, that's all!"

They waited perhaps twenty minutes before there was anything doing and then the pawnbroker's door opened and two men came out.

One was the young man who had entered, while the other was an ill-looking fellow, who, as far as appearances went, might have been the pawnbroker himself. Although Young King Brady happened to know that such was not the case

"They are out for crooked business all right, Alice, and don't you forget it," breathed Harry "I only hope they give me the chance to dismiss my cabman. I don't want to keep the unfortunate fellow waiting all night."

They turned in the right direction for that.

Harry was able to slip away and give the order to the cabby to trail after them, so as to be on hand in case the two men took to a cab.

But this they did not.

They kept straight on until they came to Haymarket Square, where they struck into the complicated "West End."

Here shadowing was perhaps safer, but one had to keep a sharp lookout, for the risk of losing one's man in the twisting alleys was great.

And this pair seemed to pick out the most complicated road they could.

Not that they appeared to suspect, for they only looked back once or twice, and then the detectives were in such a situation that they attracted no attention.

At last they struck into Chambers street and then pushed on to the East Cambridge bridge.

Here they crossed and then, turning aside, went down upon a coal wharf.

"They are going to take to the Charles river in a boat, surest thing!" exclaimed Harry, when he caught on to this maneuver. "I must strike for my friend, Duffy, and do it quick."

"But suppose they don't? Suppose they come back?" questioned Alice.

"Then you must take up the trail and I will join you if I can."

"There now, aren't you glad I came?" exclaimed Alice.

"What would you have done without me, I'd like to know?"

"You have me there," admitted Young King Brady. "There is no denying, Alice, that you are invaluable now. But keep a sharp lookout. It's Duffy's for mine, and if they go off on the river I'll pick you up at the end of the coal wharf, for which you steer the moment you see them strike away."

"But wait just one second," said Alice.

"My dear girl, I can't. Every second is valuable."

"You must. Suppose one of them comes back and the other takes to the river?"

"You are right, as usual. Then we must part company and you take the man on the land."

And with this Harry struck away for "Duffy's," the reference being to a queer, old character, who rents boats and lives in a little shack on one of the wharves below the East Cambridge bridge.

CHAPTER V.

THE KIDNAPPING OF WILL BURTON.

It was true as Alice had stated it; Will Burton was stopping at Laura Farmer's house, and this against the wishes and advice of his most intimate friends.

But Laura wanted it so.

She and Will had had several confidential talks.

The young millionaire now understood the situation better.

He was confident that Old King Brady was correct and that for him to help make it plain to Mrs. Farmer that her dead husband had been a crook would do his own cause no harm.

As she did not care to hire in strange servants and those discharged by her husband refused to return to the house of death, Laura sent for an elderly woman who sometimes assisted her in an emergency, the "Mrs. Patrick" mentioned by Alice, and this person was acting as general assistant and chaperone.

On the night of Alice's visit to Salem street, Will and Laura both retired about ten o'clock.

And it must be admitted that as much as he had again become devoted to the former object of his affection, Will Burton was glad to find himself alone in the upper chamber which had been assigned to him.

For all the evening Laura had been going over and over the same old ground, bemoaning her widowhood and the prospect of poverty and disgrace if the detectives succeeded in proving her dead husband a thief, and at the same time hinting broadly at quarrels between herself and the dead man and ill-usage at his hands.

An older and more experienced man would have known at once that the young woman was secretly glad to get rid of her husband, although she did not like to say so, and even Will had received a broad inkling of the truth.

Once in his room Will lit a pipe and sat smoking until nearly midnight, when he retired, putting out his light.

Mrs. Farmer slept on the floor below him, while Mrs. Patrick occupied a small room off the parlor.

Will did not go to sleep right away, for he had ample food for thought.

Something was worrying him which was in no way connected with the mystery of James Farmer's death as it seemed to him.

This was the unexpected appearance of an old acquaintance of his own and Laura's on the scene.

The young man had also been very intimate with James Farmer and, according to Laura, had been frequently entertained at the house during her short married life.

His name was Tom Blogden. His business was supposed to be real estate, which he carried on upon his own account.

Will remembered him as a wild young fellow of none too high principles.

His call had been one of condolence, of course.

But it seemed to Will easy to see that he had his eye on the widow, as well.

In short, Will was jealous.

Thus he found it difficult to get to sleep. For every time he closed his eyes there was Tom Blogden's face before him, and sleep would not come.

It came at last, however, and when it did come Will slept soundly until he was suddenly awakened by someone giving him a rude shake.

He started up to find himself in a most unpleasant situation.

Standing beside the bed was a roughly-dressed man wearing a corduroy cap, with a handkerchief tied over the lower part of his face.

At the door were two similar figures.

All held revolvers, and the man by the bedside held in addition an electric flashlight, which he threw full in Will's face.

"Are you awake now?" he demanded, gruffly.

"I am!" gasped Will. "Who are you and what do you want?"

"You are William Burton, are you not?"

"Yes."

"Friend of Mrs. Farmer's?"

"Yes. What—"

"Don't want any harm to come to her, I suppose?"

"Of course not! Who are you and what do you mean?"

"If I wanted to have you know who I am, young fellow, I certainly should not have put this mask over my face. As for what I want, that will develop gradually. In the first place I want you. Get up and dress yourself and prepare to follow me. Refuse and there will be another corpse found in this house in the morning."

Of course Will was frightened.

It would be foolish to deny it.

He had no revolver and, truth told, he would scarcely have known how to use one had he possessed it.

There seemed to be nothing to do but to obey.

So he got up and pulled on his clothes, the masks regarding him in silence during the operation and their leader or spokesman keeping him covered all the while.

Twice he hurried Will, who was inclined to take his time in the hope that something might happen to better this very unpleasant situation.

The dressing done, one of the others came forward and tied Will's hands behind him.

"You will now follow me," ordered the leader.

He passed out of the door and Will walked after him, the other two masks keeping close at his heels.

They descended the stairs and the mask led the way to Laura's room.

He flashed the light inside and Will saw that the bed had been slept in and that Laura was not there.

"You see, Burton!" cried the mask, "your old flame is missing. Want to know what has become of her?"

"I naturally do," replied Will, whose coolness and courage were beginning to assert themselves.

"Then I will tell you. We have taken her away and we propose to take you to the same place."

"You have taken her away on the eve of her husband's funeral?"

"Exactly what we have done, my young friend. Know why?"

"Of course I don't."

"Nor you won't until you see her again, which will be soon. Of course you are only too glad to go where your lady love has gone, so that you may be on hand to protect her."

Will bit his lip and made no reply.

It seemed a hopeless case to raise any argument with the man.

He was now conducted downstairs and when he reached the parlor floor he saw what he had already observed in Laura's bedchamber, although we have not mentioned it, that everything was tumbled about.

It looked as if burglars had been ransacking the house.

"They are the jewelry burglars," thought Will. "Old King Brady is right. Farmer gave them the double-cross. They are here, searching for the diamonds!"

It was nothing else, as he was soon to learn.

Will was now hurried outside.

An old-fashioned four-wheeler stood at the door.

As has been said, the Farmer villa stood back from the street and there were trees and shrubbery in front, thus the hack was pretty well screened from the observation of any chance passersby on the street.

Will was helped inside, the three masks following him.

The hack immediately started then.

The ride which followed seemed interminable.

Will was not able to follow the direction taken by the hack, for they had no sooner started than a handkerchief was tied tight over his eyes.

It is not easy to follow the direction of a carriage when one is blindfolded in Boston, owing to the complicated manner in which the city is laid out, but this same thing Old King Brady has done in New York many times.

But, though Will, who knew his Boston as well as a boy born and brought up there could know it, tried this, he utterly failed.

All he was able to tell was that they went towards Boston and entered the city proper, for after leaving Brookline the hack kept on paved streets all the way.

At last came the end and the hack, stopping, one of the masks got out—whether he was masked now or not, Will, of course, could not tell.

He was gone for a minute and then, returning, said in a whisper:

"I can't see a soul. I don't think you will get a better chance."

"Right!" the voice of the leader replied. "We will get on the move."

Will was helped out of the hack then and hurried up steps.

A door evidently stood open, for without delay he passed into a hall.

Then the door was closed, locked and a chain put up.

There was a brief wait.

Will concluded that his captors were resuming their masks.

A moment more and the handkerchief was removed from his eyes.

He found himself standing in a hall, neatly furnished.

There were four masks with him now.

"So you got him all right?" said one.

"As you see," replied the leader. "You got here with Jim Farmer's wife O. K.?"

"Yes."

"She's upstairs, according to orders?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Run him up. May as well turn him loose first."

"Hain't you going to tell him what's wanted of him first?" demanded another.

"No, let her tell him," was the reply.

"Aw, say, come! You tell him! It is better for us that he has his mind prepared."

"Well, perhaps that's so. I don't care, anyhow, which way you fix it. Look here, Burton, you have been making yourself busy in this business. You know that there were a lot of diamonds and other gems stolen from Jenner, Jewel & Jones's place the other night?"

"Of course. Everybody knows that," replied Will.

"Just so, but everybody don't know that Jim Farmer did the stealing, and we do."

"Very likely."

"Which means that you consider us the burglars who did the other job?"

"I say very likely to that, too."

"Exactly. Well, as to whether you are right or wrong on that score, it's none of your blame business and I don't care what you think. Jim Farmer stole them diamonds and we want them. Of course his wife killed Jim. Everybody knows that she hated him and that they were all the time quarrelling. Of course she got the diamonds and has got 'em now. It's your job to persuade her to give them up to us. If she does it, you two will instantly be turned loose. If she refuses, you both go to feed the fishes, and don't you forget it. You love her and she loves you. If you want to save her life, why do your level best. If she wants to save yours, she'll have to give in, and that's all about it. 'Twill have to be a short session, too, for Old King Brady has got busy on this case and we don't propose to stand around and let the old snoozer get in his fine work, and don't you forget it."

It was just as Will had supposed.

He had felt some idea at first that he might have been captured with the intention of holding him for ransom,

as other rich young men have been, but he saw that he could dismiss that thought now.

He was impelled to make one effort while there seemed to be a chance.

"Now look here," he said. "If you only knew it, you are barking up the wrong tree."

"What do you mean?" demanded the mask, fiercely.

"I mean just this: Mrs. Farmer had nothing to do with the murder of her husband, nor the stealing of the diamonds. As it happens, she was in New York, or rather on her way from New York to Boston, when both took place."

"Oh, I know that's what she gives out!" sneered the mask. "All the same, it's a lie!"

"All the same, it's the truth."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? Why I was on the Fall River boat with her."

"You were, hey? I only wish Jim Farmer was alive to hear you blow out that lie!"

"It's no lie! It's the solemn truth!"

"Liar!" shouted the leader, snapping his fingers in Will's face. "You can't cram any such guff down my throat. Untie him, boys! Chase him upstairs and turn him loose! He knows what's expected of him now!"

Then one mask went ahead, telling Will to follow. Another followed him, and they went up two flights of stairs.

At the top of the second flight there was a locked door, which the mask opened.

Standing aside, he ordered Will to pass him.

It was evidently dark on that floor. As he went by the mask gave Will a sudden push, which almost upset him.

Then the door was slammed and locked, and the masks were heard retreating downstairs.

CHAPTER VI.

YOUNG KING BRADY SCORES A POINT.

Alice stood there on the East Cambridge bridge watching and waiting as much as twenty minutes.

She was glad of the lapse of time, for she knew that this was favorable for Harry's work.

At last she saw a rowboat put out from the end of the coal wharf.

There was but one man in it. Which one he was Alice could not make out, nor could she be sure that he was either one of those they had been following until the boat drew nearer the bridge.

She got a good view of him then as was possible on a night which was anything but a bright one.

He was the man who had come out of the Salem street pawnbroker's with Harry's man.

He pulled the boat under the bridge, heading up the Charles.

Meanwhile Alice was watching the coal wharf with the other eye.

Harry's man was now returning.

Uncertain what to do, Alice stood leaning against the rail, looking off on the river.

She did not want to turn back lest the man should go on into East Cambridge.

Nor could she go in that direction lest he should go back across the bridge.

And the latter was what he did.

Alice never looked around, but remained with her eyes fixed upon the water, half expecting that she would be spoken to, but she was not. The man passed directly on.

Then Alice got on the trail again.

At the other end of the bridge a cab was standing.

She concluded that it must be Harry's, but when the man reached it, he opened the door and jumped in.

Immediately the cabby turned and drove back into Boston.

"I've lost him!" thought Alice in vexation.

But at the same instant she perceived another cab coming rapidly toward her.

This proved to be Harry's.

The driver recognized Alice as Young King Brady's companion, and stopped.

"Where's Mr. Brady?" he called down from the box.

"He is shadowing the other man on the water," replied Alice. "You saw one of them get into that other cab?"

"Yes. That's why I came ahead. That cab was behind me all the way out here."

"Overtake it! Follow it!" ordered Alice.

She got into the cab and was driven away.

If the cabby suspected that she was other than what she seemed, he showed it by no sign.

While this was going on ashore Harry was busy on the river.

He roused up the old man, Duffy, and got his boat all right, for he knew the old fellow well, having several times had occasion to hire boats of him in connection with his detective work.

Duffy went with him until they got to where they could watch the end of the coal wharf.

Here they waited, for they could see neither boat nor men.

"What should I have done without Alice?" thought Young King Brady. "They are just as liable to have gone back as they are to come out on the river. Was there ever such a puzzling place to do the shadowing act in as Boston? A fellow never knows what his man is going to do."

But he knew that his men had divided forces after a few minutes, for the boat came out from behind the coal wharf, pulled by the pawnbroker's man.

"There he is, Duffy!" exclaimed Harry. "Now I'll land you and get on the move."

But the old boatman put up a kick.

"Say, Mr. Brady!" he exclaimed, "take me with you, so! I've rented you boats more dan once for dis sort of business, but I never seen how you done it. Mebbe I can be a help by minding de boat, and mebbe you'll want to get ashore an' go on wit your shadowing, an' I can bring back de boat, so."

"Oh, well, all right. Stand by if that's the way you feel," replied Harry.

"Let me do de pulling. You can sit in de stern like de gentleman dat you are, an' smoke yer cigar."

Harry laughed, and changed places with the old fellow.

It was certainly a relief to have him along.

He looked at the bridge and saw Alice striking back towards Boston, but she could not see him, owing to intervening coal boats.

"Dere he goes, under de bridge," said Duffy, looking over his shoulder. "He must see us, so."

"Of course he sees us," said Harry, "and don't you look back again. I'll tell you how to steer. Don't pull quite so hard. We don't want to come any closer to him than we are now. Probably we shall have to fall back before we are through."

They did.

The man pulled out into the big basin beyond Long Bridge, as the main bridge between Boston and Cambridge is called.

This place is one of the peculiar features of Boston, and in order that what follows may be understood it must be particularly described.

On the right, as Young King Brady and old man Duffy come out from under the bridge, lay the Cambridge bank of the river, which is lined with factories, foundries, lumber yards, coal yards, and so on.

But on their left, at a considerable distance away, was a high stone wall, built against the hill over which Charles street runs.

The houses on the east side of the street, which marks the abrupt ending of Boston proper, stand on top of this wall, and in many instances their rear walls are merely a brick continuation of the same.

When this long row of houses is lit up at night the rear windows form a very brilliant spectacle as one comes into Boston over Long Bridge.

But now it was after midnight, and there were but few lights visible.

The man in the boat turned in the direction of this wall.

"To the left," said Harry. "Head towards Charles street, Duffy."

Once before the Bradys had a case in which they were brought in contact with this same wall at a place where there was a secret passage leading into one of the houses.

Harry wondered if by any possibility crooks had got hold of that same house again, but he soon saw that it could not be so, for the man struck off further upstream.

Harry kept his boat well in towards the bridge and watched the movements of the other through a powerful night glass, for above all things it was necessary not to arouse suspicion.

"Now you may look back as much as you like, Duffy," he said at last. "I doubt if he can do much more than make us out as the case stands."

"Sure he's leading for the Charles street river wall," said Duffy. "What can be his idea?"

"Give it up," replied Harry. "It's up to us to find out. That's my job, old man."

"And if you can't do it to the queen's taste, den nobody can."

"Oh, I don't know. I may fail. Pull away. Get in a little more to the right now."

As they drew near the wall Harry's attention was suddenly attracted by a brilliant flash of green light which seemed to proceed from the first floor window of one of the houses pretty well up Charles street.

It was exactly half-past twelve.

"They are signalling to him from one of the houses," he said. "Still more to the right, old man!"

It soon became evident that the man pulling the other boat was making direct for the house from which the green light had been thrown off upon the Charles.

Twice again the light was displayed.

The man appeared to have taken his bearings perfectly now, for he pulled directly in towards the wall at that point.

There was nothing to indicate that he had any suspicion that he was being followed by the other boat.

Question was now how to get in closer.

Harry worked it as best he could.

He drove directly ahead to the wall, and then worked up under its shadow.

Meanwhile there appeared to be nothing doing with the other boat.

The man worked his oars just enough to keep close under the house where the light had been displayed.

Now was the time Harry was glad of old man Duffy's assistance, for it left him free to use his night glass, and so to observe what was going on.

An interesting discovery speedily followed.

The basement window of the green light house had been opened, and two men were in the act of lowering some bulky object down into the boat.

Old Duffy was immensely interested.

"What do you say, Mr. Brady!" he exclaimed. "Do we go for him and arrest him when he gets dat bag aboard?"

"Do you think it is a bag?" asked Harry.

"Looks to me so."

"Looks to me more like a bed quilt made into a bag."

"You can't tell in dis light."

"But I have my glass, Duffy. It is either a bed quilt or a blanket, you may depend."

"Well, never mind. Do we go for him? Dat's what I want to know."

"Not on the water. We will shadow him back."

"Well, all right. I'd like to stand in on a good stiff fight just the same."

"With a boat upset and one of us drowned. I am not for that, old man."

"What's de case about?"

"Burglars. But don't talk, please. I'm trying to think."

What Harry was trying to do was to so size up the house that he should be able to locate it next day from the front.

But this was by no means easy, for the backs of these houses all looked pretty much alike.

Meanwhile the bag or whatever it was had been deposited in the boat.

The man unhitched the rope and waved his hand to the one man who remained at the window, his companion having disappeared.

"Has all this anything to do with the jewelry robbery, or am I up against another matter altogether?" Harry asked himself.

It was impossible to tell.

Young King Brady determined to get possession of that bag.

It seemed to him that his best plan was to make an attack on the man when he was in the act of landing his prize, otherwise there was danger of losing the bag altogether by an upset.

The window was now closed, and the man pulled away.

Whatever he had taken aboard seemed to be heavy, for he moved but slowly, and Harry could easily have overtaken him.

As it was, he worked up pretty close to the boat, no longer caring whether he was suspected or not.

It soon became evident that he was suspected.

The man seemed to be trying his best to distance him.

When he perceived that this was of no use, he grew more and more nervous, as could easily be told from the manner of his rowing.

When he passed under Long Bridge, he was pulling for all he was worth.

"He's onto us, and half scared to death, Brady," cried Duffy. "We could easy get him, so?"

"Want to get shot?"

"Sure I don't."

"Then stick to your oars and leave it to me."

Harry expected the windup to be at the coal dock.

His principal fear was that the man would drop his load overboard.

But it was all to come about differently from what he anticipated, and the end indicated that the man was even more of a coward than Harry had supposed.

When the boat ahead shot under the East Cambridge bridge Harry lost sight of it for the moment, and when old Duffy got out from under the bridge there it was, floating down the river on the retreating tide—empty.

Both man and bag had disappeared.

"Bad luck!" cried Duffy. "Has he jumped into de water wit de ting, den?"

"Not on your life!" said Harry. "He has gone aboard that scow!"

The scow was loaded with stone, and was tied up alongside the bridge.

Harry instantly ordered Duffy to make for it, although he could see nothing of the man.

But as they drew close to the scow they saw him.

Evidently the fellow had taken further alarm. He suddenly appeared on top of the big blocks of stone.

Making a leap upward, he caught the projecting planks of the bridge, and began pulling himself up.

"Dere he is!" cried Duffy. "Shoot him! Pop him in de back!"

"Nonsense! Hold your noise," replied Harry. "I know where I can lay my hands on the fellow. What I want is the bag."

Meanwhile the man had crawled through the opening of the bridge railing and vanished.

Harry sprang aboard the scow and there, between the piles of stones, he found what he wanted.

It was neither a quilt nor a blanket, but a big piece of burlap, tied with stout cord.

Harry weighed it, and found it pretty heavy.

Meanwhile Duffy had made fast and came aboard.

"What's in it, Mr. Brady?" he cried. "Let's see."

"Not here," replied Harry. "We'll take it to your place for examination."

And this is what they did, taking the drifting boat in tow on the way, which Duffy declared he was able to identify as the property of the watchman at the coal dock.

And when at last they did open the bag at Duffy's, Harry found that he had scored a point on the case.

For the bag contained a quantity of just such silverware as had been stolen from Jenner, Jewel & Jones.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECRET OF THE HOLE IN THE CELLAR.

Old King Brady did not reach Boston until six o'clock the following evening.

The old detective went at once to Young's hotel, where his partners had a suite of rooms.

Here he found Harry and Alice waiting for him by appointment, he having telegraphed them to be on hand at that time if possible."

"And now I am back and ready to take hold of this case," said the old detective after the first greeting had been exchanged. "What headway has been made?"

"We have made some headway, and had some setbacks," replied Harry.

"Setbacks first," said the old detective. "I always want to know the worst."

"Then Mrs. Farmer has disappeared, and young Burton with her."

"I knew that. It was in the afternoon papers."

"I supposed you knew it."

"What are the particulars?"

"I know no more than you do. You thought we better keep our hands off the murder case, so as you were expected over to-night, I did not butt in."

"Correct as far as obeying orders are concerned. Still in this particular instance I would as soon you had investigated the matter."

"Sorry, but I decided the other way."

"Which was correct under the circumstances. Now for the headway."

"I have captured a lot of silverware stolen from Jenner, Jewel & Jones."

"Good! Has it been identified?"

"Yes; and it is now in their possession."

"That's good business."

"Alice has also scored a point, but I think I may as well tell my story first."

"Do it."

Harry related his adventure on the Charles.

"Have you made any effort to identify that house from the Charles street side?" asked Old King Brady.

"Yes. I failed to do it. Want details?"

"Not now. The mere fact of you having failed is enough. Have you tackled the pawnbroker?"

"No. Thought you would prefer to have me wait."

"I do so prefer. How big a proportion of the stolen stuff were you able to turn over to Jenner, Jewel & Jones?"

"About half of the silverware."

"No watches?"

"No."

"Had the goods been mutilated at all?"

"No."

"This pawnbroker probably has correspondents in Canada or South America. The burglars must have got a trifle more than silver value, or expected to do so."

"It looks that way to me."

"Now then, Alice. You started to shadow that man of Harry's. How did you make out?"

"I was entirely successful."

"Good! Just like you. Where did you locate him?"

"At the St. Aubyn bachelor apartment house, on Pembroke street, last night. This morning I tackled the matter again, and succeeded in getting in with the chambermaid there, an old woman. From her I was able to learn that the man is certainly one Thomas Blodgen, a well-known figure in Boston; a high roller and all around sport, who professes to be a man of independent means. He has a desk in a State street broker's office, where he is supposed to operate in stocks."

"That's fine. There can be no doubt that he has acted as go-between with the burglars and the pawnbroker. Stolen goods are the sort of stocks he deals in, and the fact that Harry saw James Farmer go to the pawnbroker's with him forms a direct link in the case. This young man must be attended to at once. That is my job."

So Old King Brady said then, and he meant it, but it was down on the card that he was to be occupied in a very different way.

Further discussion followed, and the detectives then had supper served in their suite.

"What we want are those diamonds," remarked Old King Brady after they had got rid of their waiter; adding:

"And the disappearance of Burton and Mrs. Farmer only goes to confirm my theory that the woman's husband was the thief. I believe James Farmer bilked the burglars, and that they have carried off his wife, believing that she knows where he hid the diamonds."

"The papers intimate that the woman has probably eloped with her former lover, and has carried off the diamonds with her," said Alice.

"I know," replied Old King Brady. "But it is the merest nonsense. When we find out just what happened at ten minutes to ten that night then we shall have found a starting clew which ought to lead us to success."

"Do you propose to go to the house to-night?" asked Alice.

"You have guessed my intentions," replied the old detective. "That is just what I propose to do. But don't hope for too much. We may find the police there, and be headed off in some way. I want to search that house

again. I am not at all satisfied with my work in that direction, I assure you."

And at about nine o'clock the Bradys turned up at the Farmer villa in Brookline.

The house was entirely dark as the detectives saw it coming up the driveway.

"It looks as if that Mrs. Patrick had taken herself off," remarked Harry.

"According to the papers, she was altogether taken by surprise when she woke up in the morning and discovered that Burton and Mrs. Farmer were missing," said the old detective. "You can't tell, though. It is mystery added to mystery in this case. I must confess that the deeper we dip into it the more mysterious it seems."

They began by ringing the bell, and when that brought no one to the door they went around to the back and pounded till they were tired.

"The place has been abandoned clearly," observed Old King Brady. "Question is, why?"

"It is strange that the police would not have left someone on the watch," mused Harry. "I don't understand it, I must confess."

"We must get in, at all events," replied the old detective. "I'll try this back door with my skeleton keys."

He readily opened it, and they passed inside.

Old King Brady locked the door behind him, observing that someone had carried away the regular key, which had been on the inside of the lock when he was there before.

They then went into the kitchen, where, finding a lantern, Harry lighted it, and they started out to investigate.

The first thing discovered was in the library, which opened off from the parlor.

Here upon a lounge lay a man dead to the world, and the strong odor of Boston rum which filled the room made the reason plain.

Old King Brady turned back the lapel of the fellow's coat and found a detective's shield, as he had expected.

He was a plain clothes man who had been left on guard.

"Nice piece of business," growled Old King Brady. "But at all events it guarantees us against police interference for awhile at least."

They pushed on through the different rooms, finding everything in confusion.

"It is perfectly evident that this house has been ransacked by somebody," remarked the old detective, "and that knocks out the elopement theory. Your friends, the burglars, have certainly been at work here, Harry."

"It certainly looks like it, Governor. I wish now I had come here before and interviewed Mrs. Patrick."

"You were right in obeying orders, and would have been wrong had you done otherwise," was the reply.

They passed into the hall and stood facing the clock.

"If you could only talk, my friend, you could tell us a lot," remarked Old King Brady.

He opened the door and looked in.

"What a large weight?" observed Alice.

"It is indeed," replied Old King Brady. "Moreover, it is a brass weight."

"What about that?" demanded Harry.

"Why only this, while the genuine grandfather's clocks all had brass weights, the modern imitation generally have hollow glass ones filled with quicksilver. But, to be sure, all do not. This weight looks to be new like the rest of the clock."

He closed the door, and they now went systematically to work to search for the diamonds.

It was, in a measure, going over old ground, yet the old detective was able to do the job more to his mind than he could do when the police were around.

A systematic search of so large a house takes time, and it was midnight when the detectives at last found themselves in the cellar.

"This, of course, would be the one place that a man with a shallow mind would be most likely to attempt to hide his plunder," remarked Old King Brady, flashing the light around.

"By burying it," said Harry.

"Yes, or by putting it behind the foundation wall."

"There is no evidence that the wall has been disturbed anywhere. I particularly looked into that."

"So did I, and also as to the burying business. There is no evidence of a hole having been dug either."

"But stay!" he added. "I did not look under this barrel, which was certainly an oversight."

The barrel was actually an iron-bound cask which stood against the wall.

It proved to be filled with some sort of liquid.

The cover lay loosely upon it.

Old King Brady flashed the lantern down upon it.

"Why, this is nothing but water in an empty vinegar cask!" he exclaimed. "What is the object? How did the water get into the barrel? There seems no way unless it was purposely poured in."

"To keep the barrel from being easily moved, and to hide the hole beneath it in which the diamonds are concealed!" cried Harry.

"Nice theory," said Alice. "Perhaps the diamonds are in the barrel under the water."

"Perhaps and perhaps," exclaimed Old King Brady. "We will soon settle Alice's theory."

He tilted the barrel and began pouring the water out. But no diamonds!

There was nothing in the barrel but water.

Having emptied it, Old King Brady removed the barrel.

"The hole theory knocked out, too," said Alice.

"Hold on!" cried Harry. "I don't know about that. Seems to me that this ground has been recently turned up. Hold your lantern lower, Governor."

It was so.

It was perfectly plain that the cellar floor, which was not cemented, had been recently turned up at this point.

"We have struck it at last!" cried Harry, jubilantly. "The diamonds are buried here, surest thing."

"Not so fast," said Old King Brady. "I admit that it looks that way. Still it yet remains to be proved. We want a shovel or something."

"There is a coal shovel in the kitchen," said Alice. "I saw it there."

"I'll go and get it," said Harry.

"It will be slow work digging with a coal shovel," replied the old detective. "Better go to the barn and see if you can find a full-sized shovel."

"By the way, the Farmers seem to have a barn. Did they keep horses then?" asked Alice.

"Mrs. Farmer assured me to the contrary," replied Old King Brady. "Go, Harry, and hurry back, for the night is advancing, and we want to wind up operations here."

Harry soon returned with a spade.

"Look here, Governor," he exclaimed, "this spade has been recently used, and it looks very much to me as if it was used to dig that hole."

"Doubtless it was," replied Old King Brady. "Still that don't prove anything; yet I will admit that I expect to find the diamonds."

Of course there was anxious expectancy as Harry applied himself to the digging.

He did not have to go far.

At the depth of two feet his spade struck something hard.

"Here they are!" Young King Brady cried. "We have got the diamonds now!"

And indeed it looked so.

Harry got down on his hands and knees and began pulling away the dirt with his fingers.

Suddenly he straightened up and held a cylindrical object up to view.

"A clock weight!" cried Old King Brady.

"Yes, and here is the other!" said Harry.

He thrust his hands into the hole and pulled out another weight.

They were both glass weights, and were filled with quicksilver, just as Old King Brady had said.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MAN ON THE ROOF.

When Will Burton found himself alone in that dark upper hall the first thing he did was to call Laura's name aloud.

He believed what he had heard, and never doubted that she was there somewhere on that top floor.

But there was no answer.

A profound stillness pervaded the place.

Will fumbled for a match, found one, struck it and started to light the gas.

It refused to light.

Evidently the gas had been turned off from the top floor.

"What's this then?" growled Will. "Do they mean to leave us in the dark?"

Such was evidently the intention.

Will tried it again with another match, meeting with no better result.

He had plenty of matches, but it would not do to waste them.

Striking another, he opened the first door at hand.

It led into the front chamber, which was comfortably furnished as a bedroom.

But no Laura there!

No Laura in the back room, nor in the two hall bedrooms. In short, no Laura anywhere.

"They simply lied to me," thought Will. "What can it mean? Why should they do it? What can have been their object?"

It was puzzling enough.

But the kidnapers had not lied to him, as he was to learn.

They had actually believed that they were introducing the young man into Mrs. Farmer's presence when they turned him loose there on that top floor.

It was not so, and here came the mystery.

What had become of Laura?

Deeply puzzled, Will Burton lighted still another match and started to further explore.

This time he struck luck in a small way.

For upon a shelf in a closet in the back room he found the stump of a candle in a candlestick, which he lighted.

This would help him out for a time at least.

Naturally the young man's thoughts ran to escape.

He examined the door, and discovered that it was probably secured by three strong bolts on the outside.

The case being hopeless here, Will turned his attention to the windows.

In all of the rooms the sashes had been securely nailed and there were closed blinds outside.

That the place had been fixed up for somebody's prison Will could not doubt.

There was a fifth door in the hall, and a casual glance behind which had revealed only a closet.

Will now opened it again, and to his great satisfaction, discovered a ladder leading up to a scuttle.

"Why, I can get out on the roof!" he muttered. "Even if the scuttle is nailed down, I ought to be easily able to force it open. They must be a bright lot to leave an avenue of escape like this."

It had not been thus left.

Somebody had been working against the kidnapers. All of which Will Burton was soon to learn.

He hastily climbed the ladder, and to his great joy, found that the scuttle was not even locked.

"Perhaps Laura was actually here, and escaped this way!" thought Will. "It is more than likely I shall find her on the roof."

He ascended and restored the scuttle to its place.

And now as he looked around, Will was at once able to locate his prison.

He was on the east side of Charles street.

Below lay the Charles river.

He was on the roof of one of the very houses described in our account of Harry's adventure.

"There is only one thing to do, and that is to get down through the first scuttle I find unfastened," thought Will. "Even at the risk of being mistaken for a burglar, I must try it."

He was now more certain than ever that Laura had traveled the same road before him.

He hardly knew which way to turn, but as the adjoining roof up Charles street was somewhat higher than

the one upon which he stood, and the next roof the other way was on a level, he started down.

He had scarcely stepped over the party wall when he saw walking about on a roof three or four houses further down, a man, smoking a cigar.

The night was excessively warm, and as the man was bareheaded, and was smoking a cigar, Will at once jumped at the conclusion that he had come up there for an airing.

"He'll help!" he thought. "Perhaps he knows all about Laura."

He started towards the man with all confidence for, as we have said, Will Burton knew his Boston, and he was aware that the houses on this section of Charles street, while in some instances let out in lodgings, were as a rule occupied by respectable people, clerks and single gentlemen; or for boarding houses some of them, while others were still owned and lived in by the old families who had once made this one of the most respectable sections of Boston.

The young man, turning, saw Will coming.

He stopped in his walk and waited.

He was a dark, peculiar looking fellow. He wore his hair long, and had on an old smoking jacket.

"What are you doing here on the roofs?" he demanded in a harsh voice as Will came on top of the adjoining house.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I am no burglar," said Will. "Here is my card. Permit me to explain this situation, which must seem strange enough to you if you live in this house, which I presume you do."

"I do, Mr. William Burton."

The young man held the lighted end of his cigar close to the card and was thus able to read the name.

"Are you the rich William Burton?" he abruptly asked.

It always vexed Will immensely to be asked this question.

But this was no time to get up a quarrel, and he would not lie.

"I suppose I am the party you refer to," he said. "Permit me to explain."

"All right. Explain then. Who is hindering you?"

"I have had a singular adventure. Some masked men kidnaped me to-night and locked me in a house just below here. I managed to escape on to the roof, and now I am looking for a way to get down to the street."

"Ho! Another escaped prisoner!" cried the young man, excitedly. "Certainly this is a good night for escaped prisoners. Yes, yes!"

"He is surely a little off," thought Will, "but he has seen Laura, just the same."

He felt that it was best to proceed quietly with the young man, and he controlled his agitation and added:

"There was a young lady held a prisoner in those rooms before me. She appears to have escaped by the same road I have chosen so successfully. From your remarks, sir, it would seem that possibly you may have seen her."

"Yes, yes!" was the reply. "I rescued the fair damsel. She is stopping with me now."

"Indeed! She is a particular friend of mine. If you will take me to her——"

"Sure thing. Just wait till I have finished this butt. 'Twon't take a minute. I am very glad to have met you,

Mr. Burton. I have heard a lot about you from a friend of mine."

"Indeed! Why?"

"I prefer not to answer that question, for a reason."

"Pardon me. I had no reason to believe that it was a secret."

"I believe it. It is all the same. However, I shall introduce you to him in a few minutes. Of course you will instantly recognize each other, so why should I waste words in telling, to say nothing of violating a promise I made this party to keep his identity secret, or perhaps I should say his acquaintance with me a secret. I'm a queer kind, Mr. Burton, but in spite of certain little failings and oddities, which I certainly do possess, I always like to keep my word."

"Just so," replied Will, more and more assured that the young man was "a little off." "Would you mind telling me your name? Seeing that I have given you my card——"

"Oh, I know. It seems as if turn-about ought to be fair play—don't it? All the same, I shall not tell you my name, so don't ask me again—at least not yet. By the way, you've got money to burn. How would you like to put a couple of hundred thousand into a new invention of mine? Big thing! Biggest kind of a big thing!"

"He is stark mad," thought Will. "If Laura really is in his clutches, it is up to me to get her away at once."

"Why, I think there is no doubt that I can put in money if the invention appeals to me," he replied, for now it was anything to get on the good side of this singular man.

"Good!" cried the young man, and he threw his cigar away.

"Now look here, Burton," he said. "I am going to take you to your lady friend. There I shall leave you for a short time while I attend to a little business. Later I will come and explain my invention—see?"

"That will be all right," replied Will, "but it would suit me better if you put the invention part off till to-morrow. Mrs. Farmer—that's the lady—is a bit nervous. I think the best way will be to let me take her directly home. Then in the morning I can call on you and bring the money. If the proposition suits me, I will just leave the cash with you, and that will settle the whole business—see?"

"Oh, all right," was the careless reply, and Will flattered himself that he had carried his point.

Never was man more mistaken.

Poor Will was simply passing out of the frying pan into the fire, as he was soon to learn.

The young man now led the way to the scuttle, and descended, bidding Will follow him.

They went down into an upper hall, which was lighted by a single gas burner.

"Just wait a minute till I fasten the scuttle," said the unknown.

He ascended the ladder.

Scarce was his back turned when a harsh laugh was heard from one of the rooms.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Another—Ha, ha, ha!"

Some words followed "another" which Will did not catch.

"What is it now?" he thought. "Am I up against a nest of lunatics? Only for Laura I'd get down those stairs mighty quick."

The young man returned.

"Now then, Mr. Burton," he said, and he threw open the door of a dimly lighted room.

"Gentleman to see Mrs. Farmer!" he shouted.

And Will saw Laura then, or rather he saw her face!

On the side of the room opposite the door were two little booths built against the wall.

The partition reached to the ceiling. In each a door was set, and both doors were closed.

In each door was a round hole about as big as a bullseye window in an ocean steamer stateroom, and constructed with an iron frame in precisely the same way.

One of these windows was closed, but the other stood open, and in the opening Will saw Laura's face.

"What does this mean?" he cried, starting forward.

"Have you made a prisoner of Mrs. Farmer, then?"

Slam went the door behind him, and a key was turned.

"Oh, Will! That madman has got you too!" screamed Laura.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Another victim! Ha, ha, ha!"

The laugh was right there in the room.

Looking up, Will saw a big green and red parrot on a swinging perch up close to the ceiling.

"Another victim!" the bird repeated. "Another victim! Ho, ho, ho!"

"Laura, for goodness sake what does this mean?" cried Will.

"I'm sure I don't know. The man is crazy, of course!" replied Laura. "You poor boy! You have fallen into his clutches trying to rescue me, I suppose. It is too bad! Too bad!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" screamed the parrot. "Another victim! Ha, ha, ha!"

Will made a rush for Laura's door.

There was nothing doing.

The door proved to be of iron, painted.

It had no lock, but appeared to be controlled by a spring.

Will could not budge it, try as he would.

"Laura, this is tremendous!" he exclaimed. "Those masked men who carried me off told me they had locked you in the upper floor of a house in this row, but when they locked me in there, and I started to look for you, I found the place deserted. Did you escape by the scuttle ladder, and run into that lunatic on the roof?"

"That is just what I did, Will. So they got you, too."

"Yes. Were you brought away from the house in a hack?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been here?"

"Not over half an hour."

"Then they must have had two hacks, and two sets of men must have been mixed up in this business."

"It would seem so."

"Did this fellow tell you that he would take you down to the street?"

"That's what he did, and when we got down on this floor he caught me by the throat and nearly choked me

to death. Then he ran me into this cage, or whatever you call it, and here I have been ever since. There is somebody in the other one, Will."

"In this other booth here?"

"Yes."

"Who can it be?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Man or woman?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" screamed the parrot. "Another victim! Ha, ha, ha!"

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN BAD LUCK HIT THE BRADYS.

The discovery of the clock weights buried under the water-filled vinegar barrel in James Farmer's cellar was a complete surprise to the Bradys.

It also put a different complexion on the whole affair.

The truth dawned upon all three detectives at the same instant:

"He hid the diamonds in the clock weights!" Alice and Harry exclaimed in one breath.

"Exactly so," replied Old King Brady, "and this shows the folly of jumping at conclusions in a detective case."

"It is as plain as day," cried Harry. "He bought a pair of new weights or had them made with screw tops. That man had no idea of dying or even giving up his job at Jenner, Jewel & Jones'. He put the diamonds in the clock weights, broke the catgut and buried these weights."

"Yes, and sent his wife to New York on a fool's errand, and discharged his servants so as to give him the chance to do all this secretly," added Alice.

"You are both entirely right," added Old King Brady; "but go a step further. We have learned the secret of ten minutes to ten, for at that time James Farmer stopped his clock and gave it the appearance of having broken down accidentally. But the burglars, with whom he was in all probability standing in, had not at that time committed the robbery. Thus they had no motive for murdering the man."

"And his murderer must, therefore, be looked for elsewhere," said Harry. "It is a very complicated case."

"It certainly is, but as I said before, we are not solving a murder mystery," replied Old King Brady. "What we want are those diamonds. If they are in James Farmer's patent clock weights our case is closed so far as Jenner, Jewel & Jones is concerned, but, of course, we must follow up the matter of young Burton's disappearance, Harry, for having advised him as I did, I feel that I am in a measure responsible for his trouble. By hook or crook we must locate that house of yours on Charles street and get inside of it. Then we shall be able to learn something definite, I hope."

He was to see the inside of that selfsame house sooner than he thought for.

Triumphant over their important discovery, and the equally important clew which it seemed to offer to the hiding place of the diamonds, the Bradys now hurried back to the hall upstairs.

On the way up from the cellar Alice met with an accident.

Her skirt caught on a nail and was not only badly torn, but its fastenings gave way at the waist.

"You will have to excuse me while I run upstairs and fasten my skirt," she said when they reached the hall. "But go right ahead with your work."

"No, no! We will wait till you come down," said Harry. "It is only fair that you should be on hand when our discovery is made."

This seemed mere foolishness to Old King Brady, but knowing how Harry felt toward Alice, he said nothing, for the delay appeared to be a matter of no consequence.

So Alice went upstairs, and Harry opened the clock door.

"Yes," he said, "I should imagine that the tops of those weights certainly unscrewed."

"A very ingenious scheme," remarked Old King Brady. "But then it is one which would naturally suggest itself to a man like Farmer, for you noticed, I presume, that they deal in these big clocks at Jenner, Jewel & Jones'."

"Coming!" called Alice from the head of the stairs. "Go ahead with your fine work, Harry!"

Harry knelt before the clock, and thrusting his hand down into the bottom of the case, brought up the missing weight.

At the same instant there was a sharp cry from Alice on the stairs.

The Bradys looked around and saw, to their horror, four masked men wearing caps and holding revolvers, in the act of coming through the parlor door.

"Ten minutes to ten!" cried the leader, pointing to the clock and covering Old King Brady with his revolver.

It was an untimely interference, for Harry was just getting in his fine work.

Alice looked around the angle of the stairs.

Harry dropped the weight back into the clock case and sprang to his feet.

"Down! You!" shouted the leader, and he fired.

The ball went through Harry's hat.

He fell, with the blood streaming from under his hat, striking his head against the clock case.

Infuriated at this, Old King Brady sprang upon the leader, regardless of his own safety.

But he made a miss of it.

Instead of shooting the old detective, the mask dealt him a fearful blow directly between the eyes.

And this settled Old King Brady's case.

As he sank unconscious to the floor he just caught the shout of the man who struck him.

"Look to that girl! She'll shoot!"

And Alice did shoot, but the bullet went wild, and two men rushed upon her.

It was one of those quick cases where all is over before one has time to realize what is happening.

Yet neither Old King Brady nor Harry were seriously harmed.

True, the bullet had ploughed a furrow along Harry's scalp, but it did not lodge; it was the blow on the head which knocked the young detective out.

Stunned he was, and stunned he remained for some little time, but, as we said before, he was not seriously

harméd, and when consciousness did return, he saw enough to make him forget his own trouble.

Two of the masked men lay sprawling on the hall floor. Bending over him was the drunken plain clothes man, anything but sober now.

Old King Brady, Alice, and the remaining two masks were not in evidence.

"Gee! So yer alive! Dat's a good job!" said the Boston detective, thickly. "I tought you was done for sure."

Harry staggered to his feet without answering.

He was too badly dazed to speak.

There upon the floor lay both clock weights.

The tops had been unscrewed.

The weights were empty!

There was but one conclusion to draw.

The weights actually had contained the stolen gems, and the masks had carried them off.

But the first part of this proposition Harry had been assured of as soon as he took the weight from the bottom of the clock case, for then it was altogether too light to be filled with shot, as clock weights usually are.

"Where is Old King Brady?" he gasped when the detective pressed him to know how he felt.

"I dunno. Was he asleep? I must have dropped asleep," was the reply.

"You were asleep—that's sure."

"You are Young King Brady, sure. I seen you here de other day. Are you badly hurted, den?"

"If I was badly hurt I should not be standing here now. Who shot these two men?"

"I donno. I didn't hear no shots. I didn't wake up till jest now. When I came out here and seen what had happened I recognized you, and I tought you was dead, but before I could do a ting you opened your eyes, and here we are. What is it all about?"

"I must look into this situation first. What's your name?"

"Nick Stenfort."

"Your are a plain clothes man?"

"Yair. Say, Brady, you won't report me sleepin'? If you do I'll be broke."

"No, no! I've got nothing to do with your affairs. Are those men dead?"

"I donno."

"I'm not," spoke one of the masks, faintly. "Save my life if you can, boys, and all I know you get straight."

"That's what we will do," replied Harry. Look to him, Stenfort. I'm going upstairs."

He was thinking of Alice, of course.

But he did not find her upstairs, nor anywhere in the house, and it was the same with Old King Brady.

The back door stood wide open, showing how the masks had come and gone.

Harry returned to the hall; he felt faint and nauseated, but he stood up against it nobly.

"This man's got a bullet in his side somewheres," said Stenfort, "but if he was going to die I tink he would have croaked before dis. De other one is dead."

"What's your name?" demanded Harry.

Stenfort had removed both masks.

The men looked like French-Canadians. The answer of the living one confirmed that idea.

"My name is Chris Renaud," he replied, with a strong French accent.

"And your pal?"

"He is Frank Furnier."

"Who shot you?"

"Cale Winters."

"Cale short for Caleb?"

"I suppose so. I don't know."

"Did he shoot Furnier?"

"No, the other fellow."

"What's his name?"

"I don't know."

"Who is this Cale Winters? Of course he's a burglar."

"Yes. He's the captain of our bunch, but me and Furnier were only helpers. We didn't know all the gang."

"Why did they shoot you two?"

"Why! You ought to know. The diamonds was hid in them clock weights. They got 'em, and they didn't want to divide with us, I suppose. When Cale Winters finished getting the diamonds out of the weights, he and the other fellow turned on us and shot us. It was dirty business. Keep me alive and put me on the witness stand, and I'll swear him to the gallows."

"Where is Old King Brady? Did they kill him, too?"

"No, they didn't. Cale wanted him. He knocked him silly, and they took him away, with the girl. We got her all right and tied her up. If them two hain't here, Cale must have took them away."

"Where would he take them to?"

"I don't know. As I told you before, I'm only a helper. I don't know where the gang hold out—never did."

"Are you the bunch who robbed Jenner, Jewel & Jones' store the other night?"

"Yes. I cut the hole in the wall. I'm a mason by trade."

"They expected to get the diamonds then?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't they?"

"Because they had already been taken out of the safe, boss. You see, Cale stood in with Farmer, the head clerk—then—him what was killed in this house. We expected to meet him there that night, but he didn't come. He gave us the double cross, and made off with the diamonds before ever we got into the store."

"Then Cale Winters killed him."

"No, he didn't, boss. He couldn't have done it. He swears he didn't do it, and that he don't know who did. But don't ask me to talk no more. I'm getting terrible weak. I shall die if something hain't done."

"I'll attend to your case right away," replied Harry, "but just one or two questions more. How did you people come here to-night?"

"In a hack."

"To look for the diamonds?"

"Yes."

"Was it your bunch who carried off Mrs. Farmer and the young man who was staying here with her?"

"Yes."

"Where were they taken?"

"I don't know. I wasn't with them that night."

Evidently the man had told all he knew.

It was not much, but it was better than nothing.

Two points stood out plainly.

The burglars had got the diamonds, and they had captured Old King Brady and Alice as well.

Harry and Detective Stenfort now got busy.

The police were notified and they came.

Of course there was no possibility of Stenfort concealing the fact that he had been asleep, for he was half drunk then.

But Harry kept out of the mess and pulled away as soon as he could.

Renaud was taken to the hospital, and in due time recovered.

Harry was a thoroughly disgusted young man when he took the electric for Boston.

It was then half-past one o'clock. His work with the police had caused serious delay.

As for his own wound, Harry had only regarded it sufficiently to clean up as well as he could.

He was satisfied that it was nothing serious, so he did not even think of going to a doctor to have it dressed.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself. "To allow matters to rest until morning may prove the finish both of the Governor and Alice. It is up to me."

He could think of but one plan.

If the man Renaud did not know where the Cale Winters' gang held out, then Harry did, he assured himself.

"I must get into that house on Charles street, and I must do it by the waterway," he determined, "but how am I ever going to get up on top of that high river wall?"

He pondered deeply as he rode on into Boston.

And the outcome of his ponderings was one word, and that word was a proper name:

Duffy!

CHAPTER X.

ALICE AND OLD KING BRADY AT THE BURGLARS' DEN.

Old King Brady saw the diamonds and other gems taken out of the clock weights, but Alice was taken directly to the hack, which had been driven up to James Farmer's door, so bold were these burglars.

The chances are, however, that one of the gang sneaked into the house while the Bradys were in the cellar and saw the sleeping plain clothes man, and thus they knew that it was safe to bring the hack up to the door, where its presence was concealed by the trees.

The old detective revived while the leader—Cale Winters, as Renaud called him—was unscrewing the loose clock works.

Renaud stood over him with a revolver.

"He's come to, boss!" the burglar called out.

"All right," was the reply. "Tie his hands, Frank. Shoot him, Chris, if he makes a move."

The tying was done.

Old King Brady submitted quietly.

He was dazed at what had happened.

As Harry lay there motionless, with blood on the floor, the old detective could only conclude that he was dead.

It was a calamity past conceiving.

So completely attached has Old King Brady become to his partner that he felt then that it would not be long before he followed him.

"If Harry is dead, I give up business from this hour," he said to himself.

And Alice!

What had become of her Old King Brady could only guess.

But he did not attempt to talk, knowing that it would be useless.

He lay still, watching, and saw the stolen gems revealed.

They came out of the clock's weights enclosed in papers those diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds and the like.

Some of the papers were opened, and Winters held the gems up to the light.

Almost nothing was said.

Having emptied the weights, which contained some shot at the bottom to aid in the illusion that they were merely clock weights in case they were examined, Winters calmly pocketed all the papers, and turning, said:

"Nick and Frank, you become fully initiated into the gang to-night. You are to go with us to our holdout. We will divide up there. You take old man Brady out and put him in the hack. Gag him."

It was done.

On the rear seat, where they placed the old detective, he found Alice similarly secured.

This at least was a relief.

Alice had been crying.

That she was deeply affected by Harry's supposed death it was easy to see.

And there the two sat helpless looking at each other, neither able to make a move.

Suddenly a shot rang out, instantly to be followed by another.

What could it mean?

Had Harry recovered himself?

Was he battling with the burglars?

Or was it the drunken plain clothes man, who had come to his senses, and was taking a hand in the game?

Old King Brady could only wonder.

As for Alice, womanlike, she immediately adopted the Harry theory, and in the dim light Old King Brady could see her face brighten.

But the illusion was quickly dispelled when the hack door suddenly opened and the leader of the masks getting in, the vehicle moved away.

Then Old King Brady grasped the situation.

"These two have shot the other two so as to make a bigger divide," he assured himself.

And so, as the reader knows, it was so.

For some little time the ride proceeded in silence.

Then at last Caleb Winters deliberately removed his mask.

Old King Brady looked at him intently.

He instantly recognized the man as the leader of an old time gang of Chicago cracksmen whom he had once been the means of sending to Joliet.

Naturally the old detective regarded his fate as sealed.

"Brady, I see you know me," said the burglar, "and

knowing, you must be aware that I owe you no love. I am now going to remove your gag, but the young woman's I shall not disturb. You have sense enough not to try to call for help, as I very well know."

He leaned forward and pulled the handkerchief out of the old detective's mouth.

Then he sat back in his place and calmly lit a cigar.

"You do know me, old man?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Old King Brady, with that perfect coolness which at times of dire emergency he knows so well how to display.

"My name! I want to make sure!"

"Jack McFee."

"Right you are. It is some years since we met."

"At least fifteen."

"Ten of which were spent behind the walls of Joliet. Of course they were not particularly happy ones, for me—your fault, old man."

"You like to put it so. Did I make you a burglar?"

"No, but you made me an ex-convict. That was the first and only time I was ever pinched. I think now we are about square. I have done up your partner, yet strange as it may seem, I am not particularly stuck upon doing you up. As for this very good looking young woman, I have no grudge against her at all."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mac. It could do you no possible good to harm her. As for me, I am an old man, and with my young partner dead, I don't know that I so much care to live."

"Don't think I am consulting your feelings in this business, old man. Let no such idea run away with you."

"I am not doing it, I assure you; but I ought to be able to read your mind. I think I can read you. It is for some special reason that you have allowed me to live."

"You are right, and I have started this talk going in order that I may make that reason plain. You have been working on the burglary end of this case of Jenner, Jewel & Jones."

"Yes, and you, I judge, must be the boss burglar."

"That is so. I do not deny it, but with the murder of that treacherous dog, Jim Farmer, I had no more to do with than you did yourself."

"I said so from the start."

"Of course, you were able to size the situation up. Farmer gave me the double cross. He cooked up the job. We had been planning it for months. When we pulled it off every blame diamond and every gem of any value was gone out of the safe. Of course Jim emptied the drawers earlier in the evening. Question was, what he did with the goods. We have solved that mystery now."

"So I see."

"Thanks to you."

"Oh, we gave you the hint, did we?"

"Sure, old man. Just as soon as ever I looked in through that door and saw your partner handling the clock weights, I says to myself, 'That solves the secret of ten minutes to ten.' That's why I pointed to the clock face and said what I did."

"Oh, I see. And now you have got the goods."

"And now I've got the goods."

"And have left three dead men behind you instead of one—my unfortunate partner."

"Who was telling you that, old man?"

"Oh, I heard the shots. Four of you fellows came into that house, and only two came out. I'm not altogether a fool."

"Well! You can think what you like, you saw nothing, and if by any streak of bad luck you should escape me, you can prove nothing."

"Just so. But what's the use of all this talk, Mac? If it had suited your purpose I should now be lying on that hall floor along with the other dead men. Why didn't it suit? Speak it out."

"I will. I see you are as shrewd as ever. Now, of course, you know that Mrs. Farmer was kidnaped last night, and a young fellow along with her?"

"I read the paper—yes. Some of them say that Laura Farmer has eloped with her old lover, Will Burton."

"Eloped nothing, that is unless they have done it since. I kidnaped them both. I made sure that Mrs. Farmer did the killing of her husband. I wanted the diamonds. I thought she knew where they were hidden. I don't care whether she did or not now."

"Naturally, seeing that you have got the goods. But I don't think she had anything to do with it. She was sent to New York by her husband on a fool's errand."

"You know that to be a fact?"

"I don't exactly know it to be a fact, but I am well assured that it is a fact."

"All right, old man. I am willing to take your assurance. But as I said before, that's neither here nor there now, I got those two. I took them to a furnished house which I hired while working up this and some other jobs. In some mysterious way they have escaped by the roofs, although I nailed the scuttle down on the inside. I am taking you to that house for two reasons, Brady. First, I want your opinion as to whether that scuttle was forced from the inside or from the roof. I have my reasons for this, too, for if it was done from the inside, then somebody I know dies."

"And the other reason?"

"Well, I had a double motive in kidnaping young Burton. I intended to make him cough up a hundred thousand or so to get free. There is one thing certain. He has not been seen about town to-day. That makes me think that another party may have captured him—same party I suspect of forcing the scuttle from the inside. If you will help me solve the mystery, and who can do it better, then you and this young woman go free."

Old King Brady listened to all this, hardly understanding.

"Why should Jack McFee not attend to the job himself?" was the question.

Clearly he had not stated the whole case.

And Old King Brady now said as much.

"Well, that's so. You haven't lost a bit of your shrewdness even if you are growing old," replied the burglar. "I have another motive. I will tell you in part what it is, but no names until I get your opinion on that scuttle question. I have about given up the idea that Laura Farmer killed her husband, and I think I can guess who did the job. If he is the party I think, and he had a hand in carrying off my prisoners then, old man, I give him

up to you out of pure revenge, for I know you will never rest until you see him swing on the gallows."

"Just so," replied Old King Brady; "now we understand each other better. All right, Mac, I'll do what I can for you, and I can only hope that you keep your word."

"I will, if you can believe me."

To this the old detective said nothing.

It was hard for him to believe a word the man said.

They rode on in silence after that.

At last McFee told Old King Brady that he would have to blindfold him.

This was done, and Alice was served in the same way. Soon after that the hack stopped.

Alice was taken out first.

Then after some delay Old King Brady followed.

The handkerchief removed from his eyes, he found himself standing in a hall with Jack McFee alone.

"What have you done with Miss Montgomery, my partner?" he asked.

"She's all right," was the reply. "I've only locked her in where she will be safe."

"I hope you have untied her hands then."

"That has been done. I have no desire to make her uncomfortable. Now just wait a minute and we will take a look at that scuttle."

The wait was for the masked man, who returned, still masked.

"We are going upstairs now," said McFee. "Help Mr. Brady up."

"I don't need any help," replied the old detective. "Lead on."

McFee led the way to the top floor.

The gas had been turned on now, and he lighted the jet in the hall.

"Now, Brady, of course you can't climb the scuttle ladder with your hands tied," the burglar said, "so I am going to untie them. While you were unconscious you were searched, and I don't think you have a revolver about you, although I would not like to swear to it. However, I have, and I propose to use it on you if you try any tricks. My partner will go up ahead on the roof and be ready for you in case you get gay. Now go ahead and attend to business and make no trouble; there are others in this house who will surely fix you even if we fail."

Old King Brady's hands were then untied.

He had no notion of turning on his captors.

That would have been too dangerous.

The old detective accordingly ascended the scuttle ladder and got down to business, McFee providing him with an electric flashlight for the purpose.

"Well?" demanded the burglar after a minute. "What is the report?"

"Wait till I go out on the roof."

"You take a thundering long time, it seems to me."

"I want to be thorough. Do you want my real opinion or my guess?"

"Go on, go on!"

Old King Brady climbed out on the roof, and continued his investigations.

"The scuttle was forced from the inside," he presently announced.

"That's all right," replied McFee. "Now, I know where I am at. Come on down."

He pulled back out of the scuttle and descended the ladder.

"Follow him," said the mask, grimly.

"If you twiddle that revolver so you are liable to put yourself out of business, my friend," remarked the old detective.

"Go on down and quit your talk," snarled the burglar, and Old King Brady descended the ladder.

"My time will come," he assured himself. "If I can only keep the attention of these two scoundrels engaged I am sure to get a chance to jump on them."

But he was to be sidetracked then and there.

McFee flung open the door of the front room.

"In with you, Brady!" he cried. "I may want you again shortly, meanwhile I must leave you where you will stay put."

The door was shut and locked.

In total darkness Old King Brady was left wondering what the next move in this singular case was going to be.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MAD DOCTOR'S WONDERFUL INVENTION.

Will Burton and Laura were not given much more time to talk, for a few minutes later the young man entered the room accompanied by a colored man, a perfect giant of a fellow, as black as the ace of spades.

"Are you through with the lady, Mr. Burton?" the former asked.

"Look here," said Will, "this sort of thing won't do. Why do you keep Mrs. Farmer locked in that closet? If you expect me to invest in your invention, you want to set her free at once and allow me to escort her home. Tomorrow I will come here with the money, as I told you."

"Oh, that's all right," was the reply. "Probably I shall decide to humor you in that. Meanwhile just come with me and Buck; your room is all ready."

"My room ready! What do you mean? Do you intend to make me a prisoner, then?"

"Oh, don't call it that. You are my guest. I want to explain my invention fully to you. I can't do it just now, but I will shortly. Meanwhile you are to make yourself at home. He better humor me, and do as I ask him to, hadn't he, Buck?"

"I should say he had," replied the darky, displaying the biggest and whitest teeth Will had ever laid eyes on.

The situation was alarming.

But Will faced it bravely.

"Come, this won't do!" he cried. "Let that lady free at once! Let us go out of this house, if you are wise."

"What. Defiance!" cried the lunatic. "Ha! This is your gratitude. Away with him, Buck!"

The negro caught Will by the arm.

"You come along with me!" he cried.

Will struck him and tried to pull away.

Useless effort!

Buck was a giant, and Will was as a mere baby in his hands.

Catching him by the throat, he dragged the young millionaire from the room, the lunatic following.

And the parrot screamed from his perch:

"Ha, ha, na! Ha, ha, na! Another victim! Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a bad job for Will Burton.

He was run down into the basement, where Buck locked him in the kitchen, and here Will remained a prisoner for the rest of that night, during all the next day, and far into the following night, seeing nobody but Buck, who came to him once during the morning, when he brought him food.

Will tried to question the fellow, and to bribe him, but not a word could be got out of him.

Nor was there any chance to escape.

The doors were locked and bolted, the windows, which overlooked the river, were nailed down, and there were heavy shutters on the outside, light entering through a semi-circular hole at the top.

And such was Will Burton's situation when somewhere around midnight on the following day the door of his prison was opened and Buck stood before him.

"De boss is ready for yo' now," he said. "Yo's to come wiv me."

Will had passed through all sorts of states of mind during his long imprisonment, but he was thoroughly tame now, and badly frightened as well.

"Look here," he said to Buck, "I want to understand this business, and it will pay you to help me understand it. Who is that man, and what does he mean to do with me?"

"Boss, it hain't no kind of use," replied the darky. "See, I'se well paid as it am. My boss got slathers of money, an' he puts it out, too. What do I care if he is a little off? 'Tain't nuffin' to me. I'se hyar to do as I'm told. Yo' just come along now quiet or I'll take yo' lak I did befo'."

It seemed best to yield, and Will followed him back upstairs to that same room, where he found the young man waiting for him.

"Here he am, doctah," said Buck, pushing Will into the room.

"All right. Leave us," was the reply.

"Do I lock de do?"

"No. Stand guard outside. That is all that is necessary."

The darky retreated, closing the door.

Meanwhile Will had been using his eyes.

Laura was gone. The door of the booth in which she had been confined stood wide open.

The parrot was also gone. The deadlight in the door of the other booth stood open.

In the middle of the room, upon a table, rested a metal cylinder, which looked much like a fire extinguisher, with a long rubber tube ending in a silver nozzle attached.

"Now then, Mr. Burton," said the "doctor," "you behold my invention. A word about it and about myself. I am an expert chemist. I am also very rich. I don't want your money, but I do want a fresh subject periment upon, for my wonderful gas is not yet per

What are its properties, you naturally ask? I will not tell you all, but this much you shall know; the gas contained in this generator, once inhaled, so alters a man's nature that he is forced to answer any question which is put to him. You can see the immense service it will prove to the world. Hypnotism isn't in it alongside of my gas. It will be used in every court in the land. When a man goes on the witness stand all that will be necessary is to put him under the influence of my gas, and he simply has to tell the truth. To be sure, I have not as yet perfected it. The stuff is a little too powerful. Those upon whom I have tried it have lost their wits. You see those booths? Yes, of course. Well, when I close the deadlight, all I have to do is to insert the nozzle of the tube into that little aperture which you see above the glass. Then I turn on the gas. The interior of the booth soon becomes charged with it. Of course the person inside is inhaling the gas all the while. The trouble with me is, I need a regulator. So far, I have in each instance administered an overdose, and the result has been disastrous. Just look at my last subject, and you will see where I have fallen down. I am going to try to-night an experiment on you, which I trust may prove more successful. Certainly I have not succeeded in this case, and I am sorry, too, for the man called himself my friend. Not that I cared for him, but he thought I did. Look!"

There huddled in a corner, sitting on the floor, was Tom Blodgen, James Farmer's friend.

His eyes were glassy, his tongue protruded from his mouth, his face had assumed a sickly, yellow hue. Will could scarcely believe that he was looking at the man he had formerly known.

"Tom!" cried the doctor. "Tom! Speak! Who killed James Farmer? Tell this gentleman! You must speak the truth!"

The head was not raised, but the lips moved, and Will caught the words.

"I did!"

"There! You see!" cried the doctor. "He confessed it to me yesterday under the influence of the gas. That man was my old friend. He came here and wanted me to take charge of the dead man's widow until he could persuade her to marry him. I live alone with my servant in this house. So I consented. She was to come by the roof, just as you did. The plan was——"

What was it?

Will Burton never learned.

For at the same instant there came a tremendous explosion.

The cylinder on the table flew into a thousand pieces, and some liquid, all ablaze, was scattered about the room.

Probably one of the pieces of metal struck the doctor in the forehead.

At all events, he dropped like a stone, and the blazing liquid, flowing from the table, surged about him, igniting his clothes.

But Will stood unharmed.

Horror seized him.

He dashed to the door.

It was flung open before he could reach it by Buck.

"Mah good gollys! Have de ole ting done busted agin!" he said. "I knowed it would come to dis!"

He jumped for the doctor and dragged him away, trying to smother the flames, which had seized the man's clothes, with his hands.

Will rushed from the room, thinking only of Laura.

He could hear her screaming when he got into the hall.

The cries came from behind a door at the end of the passage.

Will rushed to it, and finding the door fastened, he threw his whole strength against it.

The door yielded.

There stood Laura, looking wild-eyed and distraught.

"Save me, sir! Save me! Take me away from this dreadful house!" she cried.

"She is mad!" thought Will. "She doesn't know me! That fiend has been dosing her with his abominable gas!"

The closet door connecting with the scuttle stood open. Will could see the scuttle open above.

"Follow me! This way!" he cried, catching Laura's arm.

At the same instant Buck ran out of the room with the doctor in his arms.

He never heeded Will, but started downstairs.

Laura seemed to understand, and obeying Will's directions, she climbed the ladder to the roof.

"Stand here!" cried Will. "I must go back! There is another to be saved."

It was Tom Blodgen coming up the ladder, his clothing all in flames.

Will stood back and let him come upon the roof.

"Save me!" gasped the wretch, and he sank down upon the gravel.

Will tore off his coat and succeeded in smothering the flames.

Looking around for Laura, he saw her running over the roofs.

He called to her, but she did not heed.

Then he saw her going down through a scuttle.

As near as Will could make out it was into the house from which they had escaped.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

"Duffy! Wake up! Hey, Duffy!"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

It was Young King Brady banging on the old boatman's door.

And Harry had been knocking and calling for some minutes.

It would seem as if the Seven Sleepers were not in it with Duffy.

But a few more knocks and shouts brought him to the door."

"Who de mischief are you? What for are you knocking me door to pieces dis time of night?" he cried.

"Duffy, it is I, Young King Brady," replied Harry. "I want to see you at once."

Then the door was opened and Duffy had the satis-

faction of at last learning something about the case upon which Harry was working, for he had been left in the dark the night before.

"And what's your idea?" he demanded. "You can't never get up on top of dat wall. You can't even tell which house it is, and if you could, 'twouldn't do for you to venture into dat house alone."

"Put up no more kicks," replied Harry. "I have simply got to do all three. Have you got a couple of boat-hooks?"

"I have."

"Got any ratline?"

"Is it a rope ladder you are thinking of making?"

"Yes, with two hooks on the end which will catch on top of the wall."

"I have plenty of new rope, but no ratline."

"Well, we shall have to try it with that then. Lend me a hand, Duffy. I have to work quick."

"I've got a couple of hooks what will be better dan de boathooks, and say, mebbe I have a bit of a ratline ladder, too. Come wit me."

And Duffy led the way into another room, where there was the greatest collection of old junk imaginable.

What was more to the point, Duffy unearthed a bit of ship's rigging, which was easily and quickly transformed into a light rope ladder, with two hooks on the end.

They were off on the river in no time, and Duffy pulled the boat under the bridges and up against the Charles street river wall.

Duffy was by no means certain that they were under the right house, but Young King Brady was.

And now came the troublesome job of landing the ladder.

Again and again Harry flung it up at the great risk of upsetting the boat, but each time the thing came tumbling down again about his ears.

But at last success crowned his efforts.

The hooks caught on the wall and remained there.

Harry tested the ladder in every way possible.

It seemed firm, and he started to ascend.

The effort was a perfect success.

A moment later and Young King Brady found himself upon the narrow ledge under the back basement windows.

Harry tried one of the windows and, as he expected, found it unfastened.

He pushed up the sash and crawled in.

As he did so he heard a woman's scream.

"Back, you wretch! Back! Don't you dare to lay a hand on me!"

It was Alice's voice!

Drawing his revolver, Harry groped his way towards the hall.

* * * * *

Alice had been taken to the front basement of the burglar's house.

The gag was not removed from her mouth, nor were her hands untied, in spite of what Jack McFee told Old King Brady.

Here the burglar left her, locking the door.

A long time elapsed and no one came near her.

Again and again she tried to free her hands, but met with no success, until at last she conceived the idea of

rubbing the cord, which secured them, against the sharp edge of the lock on the inside of a closet door which she managed to open with her foot.

And this did the business after a little.

Free at last, Alice removed the handkerchief from her mouth, to her immense relief.

She had been searched at the time of her capture and her revolver taken from her.

The door leading into the hall was locked, and so was the one connecting with the kitchen.

There was a key in the lock of the closet door, and Alice tried it on the hall door.

It did not work in that lock, but it did in the one leading into the kitchen, and she passed through into the hall.

Her mind was now set upon finding Old King Brady, and she stole upstairs.

Here she heard voices talking in the room behind the parlor.

She was about to pass on to the upper part of the house when a voice suddenly shouted:

"You're a liar! You are keeping some of the diamonds back! I won't stand for it!"

A mumbled protest followed.

"I tell you it's a lie!" shouted the other. "You may give the others the double-cross, Jack McFee, but you don't give it to me!"

Then instantly came a shot, followed by the sound of a heavy fall.

"Heavens! That man has shot McFee!" thought Alice.

She had no belief that there was anyone in the house besides the two burglars, Old King Brady and herself, for she had not heard a sound until she came upstairs.

And she waited to hear no more now.

These men seemed to be bent on killing each other.

Alice now glided up the next flight.

There was no sign of Old King Brady here.

The doors all stood open.

A gas-jet burning low in the hall enabled her to see that the rooms were unoccupied.

She flew on, gaining the top floor.

It was the same here.

Even the front room in which Old King Brady had been confined was unoccupied, and the key was in the lock.

"I might escape by way of the roof," she said to herself, "but then, Mr. Brady! He must be in the house somewhere!"

And then it came to her that perhaps the old detective himself had taken to the roof.

She opened the closet door in the hall.

The scuttle stood open above her and the ladder looked inviting.

"I'll go up there, anyway," thought Alice, remembering the talk which took place about this same scuttle in the back.

But before she could set foot on the ladder a voice spoke behind her:

"No, you don't, Birdie! Get back to your cage, pretty one, or I shall have to give you a taste of this!"

She wheeled about to see a man standing behind her with a revolver in his hand.

He was the mask who had accompanied McFee, of course, but he was not masked now.

Poor Alice felt that she had never seen such a wicked face.

One eye was gone entirely and there was a great scar on the fellow's left cheek.

Alice was terribly frightened, but she strove to remain calm.

"Where is Old King Brady?" she asked. "I was looking for him."

"That's just what I want to know," was the reply. "I came up here to kill the old snoozer, little dreaming that I should find you. I suppose he has gone by the way of the roofs, like the rest of them, but I'll head him off from coming back at least. You stand here while I close that scuttle. Don't you dare to move."

He ascended the ladder.

But Alice paid no attention to his command.

Downstairs she flew, making as little noise as possible.

Alice rushed down to the basement to try it there.

The situation, however, was the same.

What to do now she did not know and she retreated to the room she had left, where at least it was light, and waited breathlessly.

It was only a few seconds before the enemy came charging downstairs.

"Ha, you treacherous little wretch!" he cried. "You would not mind me, hey? Well, well! That's the way with women. But I forgive you, Birdie. Naturally you don't feel altogether at home here. Come and give me a kiss."

He threw his arms about her.

Alice struck at him and pulled away.

"Back, you wretch!" she cried. "Back! Don't you dare to lay your hands on me!"

But he did dare, and what is more, he did it.

Alice screamed and struggled and then came a moment of joy, which to her dying day she will never forget.

It was the sight of Harry in the doorway!

"Unhand that lady!" he shouted. "Quick, or you are a dead man!"

The burglar wheeled about in a hurry, but it was only to find himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver, and he had pocketed his own.

"Here, Alice, take this! I've got another!" cried Harry.

He passed her the revolver and produced a pair of handcuffs.

"Shoot him if he makes a move!" he cried.

But no move was made.

Harry never had an easier job of slipping the bracelets on.

Then he searched the fellow and found his pockets stuffed full of diamonds and gems.

They tied him up and left him in the basement, going upstairs to explore.

Jack McFee was found wounded and unconscious in the library.

On upstairs they went, intending to go out on the roofs.

But it was not necessary, for on the top floor they ran into Old King Brady, Will Burton and Laura, who had just come down.

"What! What!" cried the old detective. "Why, my dear boy!"

"Safe and sound, Governor," said Harry, "and just in time."

It was Laura who opened the door for Old King Brady. The key was in the lock.

But the poor girl was quite out of her head, yet she seemed to know in a way what she was doing, for she immediately went back on the roof. Old King Brady followed to meet Will and to find Tom Blogden, who proved to be Harry's "man," dying, as they supposed.

It seemed as if some strange intuition had possessed Mrs. Farmer that night.

But Blogden did not die, nor did Jack McFee.

The Bradys landed both in the hospital, Hen McClusky, the one-eyed man, they landed in jail, but this was not done until Harry had dismissed old man Duffy by calling from the window.

The house was searched and more of the stolen silverware found.

Of course the Bradys looked into the matter of the mad doctor, but not until later, for the firemen were busy at the other house then.

The man's name was Samuel Henty, and but little was known of him, beyond the fact that he was a bachelor of means and lived alone in the house where he was found dead. Buck, the negro, was never traced.

What the "gas" was, nobody could make out. At all events, it must have been powerful stuff. Laura recovered her wits and then she could remember nothing of what had occurred after she inhaled the gas.

Tom Blogden did not recover for a month. Then he confessed to the murder of James Farmer. He had guessed the dead man's intention and, instead of joining the burglars as he intended, he went to Farmer's house, but was too late to catch him with the diamonds, for they had already been concealed in the clock weights. They quarrelled, and he shot Farmer.

For his crime the man was hung.

So were Jack McFee and Henry McClusky, for the murder of Furnier and Renaud.

Jenner, Jewel & Jones got back almost all their stolen stock and rewarded the detectives well.

Will Burton also would have contributed, but Old King Brady would not have it.

Before the year was out Will married Laura, and it is safe to say that both were well satisfied at the outcome of the case of The Bradys and the Broken Clock.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS FIGHTING THE GOLD COINERS; or, ON THE TRAIL OF THE BLACK HAND," which will be the next number (543) of "Secret Service."

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ITEMS WORTH READING.

The smallest specimen of a baby whale ever caught by a British trawler was landed at Grimsby by the King James. It was brought up in the trawl net in the North Sea, and was so small—18 inches long and three pounds three ounces in weight—that the fishermen could not realize that it was a whale until an expert certified the fact. The local officer for the Board of Fisheries secured this specimen, which could only have been calved more than three or four days, and immediately despatched it to the laboratories of the fisheries department in London.

The first attempt to use engines in the United States for any other than experimental purposes was in 1829, by the Hudson and Delaware Canal Company, from Carbondale to Honesdale, Pa., a distance of sixteen miles. The engines were made in England. In the following year Peter Cooper built the first locomotive in the United States. It weighed less than a ton; its boiler was about the size of a flour barrel and its flues were made of gun barrels. Mr. Cooper was highly elated because his engine made better time than the horses of other railroads.

San Diego, Cal., has a wonderful clock with twenty dials which tells simultaneously the time in all parts of the world, also the days of the week and the date and month. It stands twenty-one feet high and four of its dials are each four feet in diameter. The master clock is enclosed in plate glass, says Popular Mechanics, so that every action can be seen, and the whole is illuminated every night. It is jewelled with tourmaline, topaz, agate and jade, and took fifteen months to build. The motive power is a 200 pound weight, which winds itself automatically. The cost of the clock was \$3,000.

It would be a difficult matter to estimate the number of people who are directly dependent upon the mercantile supplies of Tampico, a port in Mexico, but it is certain that the number can be written with six figures. More than 5,000 boats are in commission on the Tamesi and Panucco rivers; they vary in length from 20 to 60 feet, and carry the wild and cultivated products of the interior to Tampico, where they discharge their cargoes and reload with merchandise and other supplies. With two great waterways, the Tamesi and the Penuco, the native navigators find their business profitable, despite the fact that it requires about thirty days to make a round trip to distant points on the river. Every conceivable form of tropical plant and fruit may be found in their cargoes, as well as na-

tive-made earthenware and other manufactured articles. long pole is the only compass required by the captain of one of these barks, but he wields the bamboo which pilots him safely over the shoal-filled waters of a tropical waterway. Many of the plantations along the rivers keep several of these boats in commission all the time, carrying their smaller products to the market and bringing back supplies for the hacienda. In the early hours of the morning green bananas are piled up along the wharves like cord-wood, baskets of coconuts, pineapples, wild and cultivated lemons and oranges, and innumerable other products of the tropics can be seen in enormous quantities. And it is surprising how quickly the supply of the day is exhausted. A string of freight cars on the track opposite the market are waiting for a portion of most every cargo, and by noon there is little left but the small fruits and vegetables in moderate quantities.

WITH THE FUNNY FELLOWS.

Dyer—Would you like to begin life over again? Ryer—No; I'm deep enough in debt now.

First Magazine Editor—I believe my youngster is cut out for an editor. Second Editor—Why so? "Everything he gets his hands on he runs and throws into the waste basket!"

Solemn Man—Do you hear the clock slowly ticking? Do you know what day it is ever bringing nearer? Cheerful Man—Yes; pay day.

"Tell me," said the young woman with literary aspirations, "how you contrived to get your first story accepted by a magazine." The eminent author smiled. "I owned the magazine," he replied.

Temperance Advocate—I see you have high license in your town. How does it operate? Colonel Rumnose—Miserably. There are so few saloons that you can't enter one without having to treat a dozen friends; and, there being no competition, the whisky is vile. High license is a failure. Give me prohibition, and plenty of drug-stores."

"What makes your hair snap so?" asked the child, who was watching his mother comb her hair. "Electricity," his mother replied. "We are a funny family," remarked the child after a few moments of thought. "The other day you said papa had wheels in his head, and now you've got electricity in your hair. If you put your heads together you might make an electric motor, mightn't you?"

The Customer—When I bought an automobile from you a few weeks ago you said you would be willing to supply a new part if I broke anything. The Automobile Agent—Certainly, sir. What can I have the pleasure of providing you with? The Customer—I want a pair of new ankles, a floating rib, a left eye, three yards of cuticle, a box of assorted finger-nails, four teeth, and a funnybone.

Harry was walking with another boy, when he was joined by a friend a year or so older and inclined to manners. "Introduce me, Harry," the newcomer whispered pompously. Harry twisted, reddened, and at last turned to his companion with: "Jim, have you ever seen Gilbert Spencer?" "No," the other boy answered. "Well," Harry blurted out, reddening still more and jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the newcomer, "that's him."

THE MAD LOVERS.

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG.

Mr. and Mrs. Stacy had not been married until late in life, and both were now approaching sixty. Clara was just eighteen, a very young child when both parents were so old.

Stacy had worked hard all his life long, and was now pretty well broken down, and could no longer work.

The old Stacy homestead, which had been in the family for many generations, had been lost and had passed into the hands of a stranger, through the worthlessness of his father.

James Stacy had started in life a poor, a very poor man.

But to James Stacy's eyes no building on earth looked more attractive, for he loved the old place dearly, the home of his childhood, the home of so many generations of Stacys, from which he, with the remainder of the family, had been turned one cold November morning long before.

He started out in life for himself, determined to in time become the owner of the old homestead.

Being a laborer, he was able to lay aside for this purpose only a very little at a time. Nor would he get married until he was the owner of the homestead.

He loved and was loved in return, and the woman who afterwards became his wife waited for him many a long and weary year. At last the homestead was his. On the day he purchased it he was married. The fruits of the marriage was Clara, the one of whom we speak.

In battling for the means to purchase the old home, James Stacy had spent the best years of his life, and old age overtook him, owning his home, but poorer far in funds than many a man paying rent and living on a dollar a day.

Clara was a sweet-tempered, sunny-natured girl, dearly loving her parents, and ever ready to sacrifice anything herself to make them comfortable.

And they loved her dearly, their one little lamb, they used to call her.

Finally James Stacy was unable to work any longer, and it was not long before grim want showed its head within their door.

In years gone by the march of improvement had approached from either side, but paused when it reached the lines of Stacy's place. He loved every foot of the ground, and would not part with any of it until stern necessity forced him to do so. Time came, however, when he was forced to. He sold a single building lot at a point as far from the old house as was possible.

Economical to the last degree, they lived on the proceeds of the sale, and looked toward Clara day by day, watching her growing up, placing their dependence on her to save the roof over their heads.

At the age of seventeen, Clara one day determined to no longer remain idle, but to endeavor to do something to prevent the gradual wasting away of the grounds, every time a bit of which was sold, the old couple would grieve for days together.

James Stacy had managed to give Clara a fair education, and her first thoughts were in the direction of teaching school.

But a place was not to be found.

Not far from her home was a large mill where writing paper was manufactured. Here she obtained employment—and a lover. A young fellow of twenty was employed in the mill, who took a fancy to Clara, and she also fancied him.

He was a nice, honest, manly fellow, belonging to a respectable family, and Mr. and Mrs. Stacy could say nothing against him, although they little relished the idea of losing their darling. At length he began coming to the house, and the more the old folks saw of him the better they liked him, and with their consent he and Clara became engaged.

"It will not be robbing you of a daughter," said the young man. "Instead, you will be gaining a son, for I will try to be such to you."

In a year they were to be married. The year only lacked a month, when a sad catastrophe happened.

Clara and her lover had been out rowing on the big mill pond. Exactly how it happened will never be known, further than what an eye-witness on the shore can tell. There floated over the smooth surface a wild cry of horror. Then this eye-witness saw the boat upset, and saw Clara and her lover struggling in the water. He could not swim—neither could she.

"Save me—save me!" Clara had cried, in frightened tones, stretching forth her arms to her lover, every movement being rendered visible by the brightness of the moonlight.

Wild with fright, crazed, perhaps, by fear, he had seized hold of Clara, and dragged her down with him, her skirts sustaining her beyond the length of time that he could keep afloat.

Beneath the surface she must have battled wildly with him. Unless she had done so, she would never have broken from his death grasp, and would never have risen to the surface.

It must have been an awful struggle, judging from what was visible afterward. Clara arose to the surface.

She caught hold of the overturned boat, and was observed clinging there. The man who had witnessed the affair sprang into a boat and put off from shore.

Clara had drawn herself up, and when he reached the spot she was lying across the boat senseless, her eyes wide open, protruding—staring awfully.

He lifted her into his boat and conveyed her ashore, and then she was tenderly carried to her home, while others hurried to the spot where the accident had occurred, to see if they could not recover the young man's body.

When Clara came to the wild stare did not leave her eyes.

Soon the awful truth became apparent. The horrifying influence of that awful struggle beneath the water had turned Clara's brain. It was a terrible blow to the old people, and they would not believe it until it was impossible to doubt it any longer.

Clara did not become destructively mad; that is, she made no attempts to destroy her own life or that of others. At least, not for some time. Hers was a melancholy madness.

She seemed to know, and yet not know, the awful fate of the man she had loved. She seemed more to regard him as lost—as gone forever, whither, she knew not.

At last the searchers had found him, but not until life had long since been extinct.

Clara Stacy, for months after that, would ramble aimlessly up and downstairs, sad-faced and melancholy, uttering no word, only lowly moaning now and then.

When they spoke to her she would answer by a frightened look, and would creep away as if afraid, until at last they would not speak to her, or in her presence.

Another building lot had to go!

But the greater sorrow which filled their hearts for their mad child, lessened the grief of seeing the place sold.

At the expiration of eight months, the melancholy having gradually deepened all the time, Clara had her first violent fit.

Catching up a knife while they sat at table, she flung it at her mother with all the strength she could muster. It skimmed past Mrs. Stacy's head, going frightfully close to the mark.

After this Clara was kept locked in an upper room.

Day after day she grew worse.

They at last could no longer control her, and they were advised to place her in an asylum. But they, like many more people, have an idea that an asylum for the insane is an establishment where a premium is placed on brutality, and hated to trust their crazed but still-loved child to the care of others, or in a place where they could not be always at her side.

But, after all, they were forced into doing this, whether they wished to or not.

One day Clara forced the door leading into an adjoining room, and without her parents knowing it, was free to roam where she chose.

It was growing late in the afternoon.

The old folks, simple in their habits, always had their tea before nightfall. And they were engaged in preparing it when Clara started to descend from the upper floor.

She had been roaming about through the upper rooms, and had found an old carving-knife, which she had caught up as a treasure greater than diamonds.

With a shawl over her shoulders, and the knife concealed beneath it, with her thin, pale face working convulsively, and her eyes sparkling with the brilliancy of madness, she softly stole down the broad, old-fashioned staircase.

At the foot she paused. Through an open door she could see her aged father and mother busy in preparing tea. But she did not recognize them as father or mother—no, her crazed brain made of them two ugly and cruel fiends who kept her imprisoned.

She stole across the hall, dashed suddenly through the half open door, taking them completely by surprise.

Her father was nearest her. Before he could recover from the surprise her entrance gave him, she had inflicted a painful wound.

After this occurrence Clara was placed in my care. Had this been done immediately after the accident, I knew I could have cured her. And I had strong hopes of being able to do so yet, though as to what methods I should have to employ I had not yet decided.

At stated intervals we always had "hops" or dances, which all of those who could be trusted—male and female—were permitted to attend. It was at one of these, after I had vainly tried many plans to draw Clara from her melancholy, that I saw the means, metaphorically speaking, of killing two birds with one stone.

Henry Dunbar had been crazed by losing his newly made wife in nearly the same way as Clara had lost her lover. I had also failed, up to this time, in drawing him from the melancholia which had attacked him.

It so chanced that Dunbar favored the personal appearance of Clara's lost lover.

And I heard him mutter:

"If she only wore frizzes—if she only wore frizzes!"

I kept my own counsel until the occasion of the next dance, a few hours previous to which I told one of the women attendants to frizz Clara's hair.

It was done.

I was at the dance, as I always was, and as also were the keepers, prepared for any trouble which might arise.

Curiously I watched the movements of Dunbar and Clara.

I had not been so far out of the way in the scheme I had found; I knew this the moment I saw their eyes meet. Some slight alterations had also been made in his personal appearance. They looked at each other earnestly, half-startled, half-doubtingly. Then, as if by mutual attraction, they drew near to each other, scanned each other closely, and then with happy faces both drew off into a quiet corner, and there sat for an hour, holding each other by the hand, but uttering no word. When the dance was over and they would have led Clara away, Dunbar objected.

"You shall not take her away. Don't you know that she's my wife?"

"Not yet," said Clara. "It isn't time yet for us to be married. But we will be soon."

I had expected something like this, and was standing near enough to be a witness to it. He persisted that they were

married, she that they were not. Neither could understand and they gazed blankly at each other.

"Don't you remember," he finally said, "that we were married, and then that we were going away, and that the boat—the water—ugh—"

"The boat—the water!" she gasped, and shuddered in company with him. "Yes—yes—I remember that we went down—down—"

"Yes—down—down—" he interrupted.

"And you got hold of me—"

"Yes—yes."

Clara was overcome, could say no more, and taking advantage of the opportunity, I made a sign, and they were led away, one in each direction, to the men's and women's wards.

Accompanying Dunbar, I had him "call on Clara." He could not understand why he had to call on his "wife" as if she were only a lady friend, but I explained it clearly enough to satisfy his clouded mind.

Clara accepted him as the lover whom she had lost, and frequently called him by the other's name, a fact which always puzzled him.

"What's in a name?" I said one day. "Never mind what you used to call each other before, use the names Henry and Clara now. Won't you do it to please me? You know I am a dear friend to both of you."

"Yes," was the reply of both; and thenceforth the names gave them no trouble. I found that they remembered the conversations which took place, that they looked forward to the next meeting, that their minds had begun a healthy action.

But I had now got myself in a dilemma. Out of their madness had sprung a deep-rooted love, which had grown as their madness left them. I now found myself in the dilemma of not being able to much longer keep them on the footing of lovers, and yet to break in on it would—in the present delicate balance of their minds—probably make of them worse mad people than they ever before had been.

Dunbar knew that he had been married, and as his mind grew stronger he began to question the right I exercised in keeping him separated from his wife.

"They must be married if it is possible," I told myself, and at once visited the Stacys and the relations of Dunbar.

The family of the latter were well off in the world, and for a little while objected to the marriage. But when they were told that it meant reason or madness, they would not take the responsibility of disapproving of the marriage.

The Stacys were willing, if I thought best. Anything to restore their poor darling to her right mind.

"Why should we be married again?" demanded Dunbar, when I told him.

"Well, don't you see? The terror of the poor girl on that occasion rather upset her mind. Another marriage will do no harm, and it will satisfy her."

"I never thought of that. Much obliged for the kind interest you have taken in us."

They were married. I kept them in the asylum some months afterwards, each being led to believe that the other's mind had received a shock on the terrible occasion which was never alluded to between them.

They really and truly loved each other, and in the quiet happiness of their home their minds grew as strong again as ever they had been. It was years before they comprehended the real truth of the affair, but neither ever regretted that I had brought them together and cured them of their madness by marrying them to each other.

Mr. and Mrs. Stacy were recognized by their daughter, and Dunbar's purse saved them from parting with the old home—stead.

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